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**Early English Poets.**

**SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.**



**PRINTED BY ROBERT ROBERTS,  
BOSTON.**

Early English Poets.

THE  
COMPLETE POEMS  
OF  
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

EDITED,  
WITH  
*Memorial-Introduction and Notes,*  
BY THE  
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



*IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. II.*

London:  
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY.  
1877.

1877

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II.  
SIDERA.





## NOTE.

Were it not that the following Sonnets and Songs have somehow been always left out of the *Astrophel and Stella* series, most unquestionably we should have given them in their places therein. As it is, we assign probable reasons for their exclusion and confused printing hitherto (in our Essay, as before), and arrange them immediately after *Astrophel and Stella*. We have not hesitated to add as Sonnets cix. and cx. of *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets proper, two of these fugitive sonnets, because they must be recognised by every critical reader, who has studied the whole and the whole story, to be their inevitable close. But inasmuch as the others, though self-revealingly belonging to *Stella*, are of various dates and occasions—fitting-in indeed with others of *Astrophel and Stella*—we have collected them together here in close relation to, but distinct from, *Astrophel and Stella*. The opening four of this division are shown, by the last of the four, not to have been ‘made’ of Sidney’s wife, and seem to us to belong to the same subject and circumstances with ci. of *Astrophel and Stella*. The fifth, ‘A Farewell,’ bears on the face of it to have been a ‘farewell’ when he left (as he thought) *Stella*, and the sixth seems to have been written on his return ‘Finding those beams’: while the seventh and eighth, ‘In wonted walks’ and ‘If I could think,’ were clearly composed at *Wilton* between the preceding two. The ninth, ‘The

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seven wonders of England,' by its close again brings us to Stella in Sidney's constant theme of his love and desire, and her chasteness; and so too the song to the tune of a Neapolitan Villanel, 'All my sense.' The tenth, 'Since shunning paine,' does not refer to any known part of Sidney's history, and may have been intended for the Arcadia. The eleventh, 'When Loue puft vp,' may or may not have been a Stella sonnet. Both these are more obscure than Sidney's other sonnets, alike in thought and expression. They seem of a lower rank. The twelfth, 'The Nightingale,' is certainly a song of the Stella series. The heading in Arcadia folios of 'To the same tune,' arises from the insertion in the Arcadia of 'The fire,' &c., of a poem to this tune that belongs to the Arcadia itself, and hence was withdrawn from the 'Certain Sonnets,' but without correction of the heading, which ought thereupon to have been made. The withdrawn poem is given in its place. The thirteenth, 'Ring out your bells,' I make the close of this division, because (*meo periculo*) I assign it to the marriage of Stella, and st. iii. as expressing Sidney's repentance of his rage—if rage it were that was so sad—on learning that she was an unwilling sacrifice. These are all taken from a division of the folio Arcadia, &c., headed since 1598 as 'Certaine Sonets written by Sir Philip Sidney : Neuer before printed.' So slavishly and ill-informedly is this heading adhered to, that even the words 'Neuer before printed' are invariably added, as also the original 'some new additions' of the general title-page. The first use of 'Neuer before printed' was itself an error, seeing that 'Since shunning paine,' 'When Loue puft vp,'

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the 'Four Sonnets made when his Ladie had paine in her face,' 'In wonted walks,' and 'Oft haue I mus'd,' were printed (and for the first time) as Sonnets 2-8 of Decade iii., and Sonnet 9 of Decade iv. in Henry Constable's *Diana*, 'with diuers quatorzains of honorable and learned personages,' 1584 [1594]. As with all the sonnets in this little pocket volume, no name was given, and some of the transcripts from which those of Sidney were printed were incorrect and from earlier originals. Two of these sonnets, 'Thou Pain,' and 'And haue I heard' (iii. and iv. of the four sonnets on Pain), have also been published by Dr. Bliss from a MS. in the Bodleian (Rawlinson Poet. 85). Mr. Collier not having observed that the others of Sidney named (*supra*) had appeared in Constable's '*Diana*,' rebukes and corrects the imagined error of Dr. Bliss in giving these two to Sidney (Poet. Decameron, vol. i. addl. notes). Our heading of this division is intended to express the relation of the whole to *Astrophel and Stella*. See Notes and Illustrations. G.

.

He hopes for some small praise, since she hath great,  
 Within her beames wrapping his cruell staines.  
 Ah, saucy Paine, let not thy<sup>7</sup> error<sup>8</sup> last ;  
 More louing eyes she draws, more hate thou hast.

II. 'Wo, wo !'

WO, wo to me ! on me returne the smart :  
 My burning tongue hath bred my mistresse paine ;  
 For oft in paine to paine, my painefull heart  
 With her due praise did<sup>9</sup> of my state complaine.  
 I praisde her eyes, whom neuer chance doth moue ;  
 Her breath, which makes a sower answer sweete ;  
 Her milken breasts, the nurse of child-like loue ;  
 Her legges (O legges !) ; her ay<sup>1</sup> well-stepping feete.  
 Paine heard her praise, and full of inward fire  
 (First sealing<sup>2</sup> vp my heart as pray of his),      prey

<sup>7</sup> 'thine' for 'thy' (*ibid*).

<sup>8</sup> 'error': so too in 'Diana' 1594—Arcadia, &c. 1598 and 1613. Arcadia, &c. 1605, erroneously prints 'terror'—drawn from the 't' of 'thy,' probably; and Gray and modern editors follow suit.      <sup>9</sup> 'did': 'Diana' 1594 erroneously 'didst.'

<sup>1</sup> 'day' by mistake for 'ay,' but rightly 'well-stepping.'

<sup>2</sup> 'sealing': *ibid* 'saying,' and begins parenthetically.

He flies to her, and, boldned with desire,  
 Her face (this age's praise) the thiefe doth kisse.  
 O Paine, I now recant the praise I gaue,  
 And sweare she is not worthy thee to haue.

III. '*Lothed paine.*'

THOU Paine, the onely guest of loath'd Constraint,  
 The child of Curse, man's weaknesse' foster-child,  
 Brother to Woe, and father of Complaint ;  
 Thou Paine, thou hated<sup>3</sup> Paine, from heau'n exilde,  
 How holdst thou her whose eyes Constraint doth feare,  
 Whom curst do blesse, whose<sup>4</sup> weaknesse vertues  
     arme,  
 Who others' woes and plaints can chastly beare,<sup>5</sup>  
 In whose sweet heau'n angels of high thoughts  
     swarm ?

<sup>3</sup> As 'loath'd' occurs in l. 1. 'hated' is preferred rather than the 'lothed' of 'Diana' (1594).

<sup>4</sup> 'Diana' very absurdly reads 'Who . . . who weakneth.'

<sup>5</sup> 'beare': *ibid* 'heare'—the latter a good reading, but not so good as 'beare,' if, as we are satisfied it was, the date be that of Sonnet ci. in *Astrophel and Stella* ; for then (and this agrees with 'whose weakness vertues arm') she had acknowledged her love for Sidney, yet resisted temptation.

What courage strange hath caught thy caitife hart?  
 Fear'st not a face that oft whole harts devowres?  
 Or art thou from aboue bid play this part,  
 And so no helpe 'gainst enuy of those powers?  
 If thus, alas, yet while<sup>6</sup> those parts haue wo,  
 So stay her tounge that she no more say 'No.'<sup>7</sup>

IV. '*O cruell paine.*'

AND haue I heard her say, 'O cruell Paine!  
 And doth she know what mould her beautie beares?  
 Mournes she in truth, and thinkes that<sup>8</sup> others faine?  
 Feares she to feel, and feeles not others' feares?  
 Or<sup>9</sup> doth she thinke all paine the minde forbears?  
 That heaueie earth,<sup>1</sup> not fierie sprites, may plaine?  
 That eyes weepe worse then hart in bloodie teares?

<sup>6</sup> '*while*': *ibid* '*whilst*.'

<sup>7</sup> '*No*': Gray and modern editors absurdly misprint '*O*'—whence derived I have not been able to find.

<sup>8</sup> It shows how readily such mistakes are made in transcription, when later Arcadias, &c. read '*what*' for '*that*': 1613 '*that*.'

<sup>9</sup> '*Or*': '*Diana*' 1594, '*O*.'

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid* reads '*Or on the earth no*,' and at end it has '*moue*,' a mistake for '*mone*,' and that a curious error for '*plaine*.'

That sense feelles more then what doth sense containe?  
 No, no, she is too wise, she knowes her face  
 Hath not such paine as it makes others<sup>2</sup> haue ;  
 She knows the sicknesse of that perfect place  
 Hath yet such health as it my life can saue.  
 But this,<sup>3</sup> she thinkes, our paine high cause excuseth,  
 Where her, who should rule Paine, false Paine abuseth.

v. *A farewell.*

OFt haue I musde, but now at length I finde  
 Why those that die, men say they do depart :  
 Depart ! a word so gentle to my minde,  
 Weakely did seeme to paint Death's ougly dart.  
 But now the starres, with their strange course, do binde  
 Me one to leaue, with whom I leaue my heart :  
 I heare a crye of spirits fainte and blinde,  
 That parting thus, my chiefest part I part.

<sup>2</sup> 'others': *ibid* 'Lovers'—probably an author's variant.

<sup>3</sup> 'this': *ibid* 'thus,' and 'paines' for 'paine.'

It may be noted that three of these four Sonnets do not rhyme as Petrarchian sonnets do—do not, that is, in the first eight lines have two sets of rhymes of four lines each. Perhaps this merely superficial reason excluded them from *Astrophel* and *Stella*.



Part of my life, the loathèd part to me,  
 Liues to impart my wearie clay-some<sup>4</sup> breath ;  
 But that good part wherein all comforts be,  
 Now dead, doth shew departure is a death ;  
 Yea, worse then death ; death parts both woe and ioy  
 From ioy I part, still liuing in annoy.

VI. *'Absence for to proue.'*<sup>5</sup>

FINDING those beames which I must euer loue,  
 To marre my minde, and with my hurt to please,  
 I deemd it best, some absence for to proue,  
 If farther place might further me to ease.  
 My eyes thence drawne where liuèd all their light,

<sup>4</sup> 'clay-some': 'Diana' 1594, 'day-some.'

<sup>5</sup> Sonnets vi. vii. viii. In the former, 'Oft haue I mus'd,' Sidney tells of his departure from Stella; 'In wonted walks' and 'If I could think' he describes his state in absence; and in 'Finding those beams' his return after his vain attempt at self-cure. These also have the superficial difference noted above. In vii. l. 5, 'Diana' 1594 reads 'minds' for 'mind'; l. 7, 'shadie' for 'shading).' In viii. l. 10, the closing conceit is obscure. It seems forced to interpret it as = I myself thought, reason, &c. fail, but you and I at one [could] maintain them in me. Might, 'and' be a misreading for 'not'?

Blinded forthwith in darke despaire did lye ;  
 Like to the moule, with want of guiding sight,  
     Deep plung'd in earth, depriued of the skie.  
 In absence blind, and wearied with that woe,  
     To greater woes, by presence, I returne :  
 Euen as the flye which to the flame doth go,  
     Pleased with the light that his small corse doth burne.  
 Faire choice I haue, either to liue or dye :  
 A blinded moule, or else a burnèd flye.

VII. '*Wonted Walkes.*'

**I**N wonted walkes, since wonted fancies change,  
     Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth  
         rise ;  
 For in each thing whereto mine eye doth range  
     Part of my paine me-seemes engrauèd lyes.  
     The rockes, which were of constant mind the marke,  
 In clyming steepe now hard refusall show ;  
     The shading woods seeme now my sunne to darke ;  
 And stately hilles disdaine to looke so low ;  
     The restfull caues now restlesse visions giue ;  
 In dales I see each way a hard ascent ;  
     Like late-mowne meades, late cut from ioy I liue ;  
 Alas, sweete brookes do in my teares augment.

Rockes, woods, hilles, caues, dales, meads, brookes  
answer me :

Infected mindes infect each thing they see.

VIII. '*Rebell Sence.*'

**I**F I could thinke how these my thoughts to leaue,  
Or thinking still, my thoughts might haue good  
end ;

If rebell sence would reason's law receaue,  
Or reason foyld would not in vaine contend ;  
Then might I thinke what thoughts were best to thinke ;  
Then might I wisely swimme, or gladly sinke.  
If either you would change your cruell heart,  
Or, cruell still, time did your beautie staine ;  
If from my soule this loue would once depart,  
Or for my loue some loue I might obtaine ;  
Then might I hope a change, or ease of minde,  
By your good helpe or in myselfe to finde ;  
But since my thoughts in thinking still are spent,  
With reason's strife by sences ouerthrowne ;  
You fairer still and still more cruell bent,  
I louing still a loue that loueth none ;  
I yeeld and striue, I kisse and curse the paine—  
Thought, reason, sense, time, you, and I maintaine.

ix. *The Seven Wonders of England.*<sup>6</sup>

1. NEEERE Wilton sweete huge heapes of stones  
     are found,  
     But so confusde that neither any eye  
     Can count them iust, nor Reason reason trye,  
     What force brought them to so vnlikely ground.  
     To stranger weights my minde's waste soile is  
     bound,  
     Of passion-hilles, reaching to Reason's skie  
     From Fancie's earth ; passing all numbers' bound,  
     Passing all ghesse whence into me should fly  
     So mazde a masse, or, if in me it growes,  
     A simple soule should breed so mixèd woes.

<sup>6</sup> Sonnet ix. In st. iii. l. 6, 'rapt' is a noticeable use of the participle of 'rape' in its primary sense of seized and carried away by violence. In st. iv. ll. 3-4, the construction is [They] though [they] there, &c. Line 10 = yet, being truth, doth endure as truth doth, namely, for aye. In st. v. l. 2, 'receipt' = receiving place, as 'receipt of custom' (St. Matthew ix. 9, &c.). In st. vi. l. 1, the construction 'From wooden bones of ships,' &c. Line 8 : in so forced a simile it is perhaps hardly worth while noting that this line seems introduced merely to fill up the measure, and introduces the incongruous metaphor of Desire, a ship, drowning like a living being in the over-deep sea, and of this over-deep sea of virtues, though he had just spoken of the rock-reefs of chastity.

11. The Bruertons haue a lake, which, when the sunne  
 Approching warmes, not else, dead loges vp  
 sends  
 From hideous depth ; which tribute, when it  
 ends,  
 Sore signe it is the lord's last thred is spun.  
 My lake is Sense, where still streames neuer runne  
 But when my sunne her shining twinnes there  
 bends ;  
 Then from his depth with force in her begunne,  
 Long-drownèd hopes to watrie eyes it lends ;  
 But when that failes my dead hopes vp to take,  
 Their master is faire warn'd his will to make.

The reference in the 'bird' is of course to one of the strangest of old fictions—the myth of the barnacle goose ; one reported as occurring on the Scottish coast, and so fittingly, if wickedly, introduced by Marvell in his *Loyal Scot*—and Sidney, it will be observed, says not England, but Albion—by grave geographers, such as Münster, and one which was as gravely extracted and related in English books published about the date at which these verses were written. See Muller's *Science of Language* for an ingenious explanation of this myth. In st. vii. l. 2 = Not in despite of her own particular nature, but of the nature of womankind—a thought the result of Italian and continental influence. Cf. the thoughts on this subject of Iago and Iachimo in *Othello* and *Cymbeline*. Line 4, 'shortest'—and therefore most restraining or curbing.

111. We haue a fish, by strangers much admirde,  
       Which caught, to cruell search yeelds his chiefe  
           part ;  
       (With gall cut out) closde vp againe by art,  
 Yet liues untill his life be new requirde.  
 A stranger fish myselfe, not yet expirde,  
       Though rapt with Beautie's hooke, I did impart  
 Myselfe vnto th' anatomy desirde,  
       Instead of gall, leauing to her my hart :  
 Yet liue with thoughts closde vp, till that she will,  
 By conquest's right, instead of searching, kill.
112. Peake hath a caue, whose narrow entrie finde  
       Large roomes within, whose droppes distill a-  
           maine,  
       Till knit with cold, though there vnknowne re-  
           maine,  
 Decke that poor place with alabaster linde.  
 Mine eyes the streight, the roomie caue my minde,  
       Whose cloudie thoughts let fall an inward raine  
 Of sorrowe's droppes, till colder reason binde  
       Their running fall into a constant vaine     vein  
 Of trueth, farre more then alabaster pure,  
 Which though despisde, yet still doth truth endure.

v. A field there is, where, if a stake be prest  
    Deep in the earth, what hath in earth receipt  
    Is chang'd to stone in hardnesse, cold, and  
        weight,  
The wood aboue doth soone consuming rest.  
The earth her eares, the stake is my request,  
    Of which, how much may pierce to that sweet  
        seate,  
To honor turnd, doth dwell in honor's nest,  
    Keeping that forme, though void of wonted  
        heate ;  
But all the rest, which feare durst not applie,  
Failing themselues, with witherèd conscience dye.

vi. Of ships by shipwrack cast on Albion coast,  
    Which rotting on the rockes their death do dye :  
    From wooden bones and bloud of pitch doth  
        flie  
A bird, which gets more life then ship had lost.  
My ship, Desire, with winde of Lust long tost,  
    Brake on faire cleeves of constant Chastitie ; cliffs  
Where, plagu'd for rash attempt, giues vp his ghost ;  
    So deepe in seas of vertue, beauties ly :  
But of this death flies vp the purest loue,  
Which seeming lesse, yet nobler life doth moue.

vii. These wonders England breedes ; the last remains ;  
     A ladie, in despite of Nature, chaste ;  
     On whom all loue, in whom no loue is plaste,  
     Where Fairenesse yeelds to Wisdome's shortest  
     raines.  
     An humble pride, a skorne that fauour staines ;  
     A woman's mould, but like an angell graste ;  
     An angell's mind, but in a woman caste ;  
     A heauen on earth, or earth that heauen con-  
     taines :  
     Now thus, this wonder to myselfe I frame,—  
     She is the cause that all the rest I am.

x. *'I ease can neuer find.'*

SINCE shunning paine I ease can neuer find ;  
     Since bashfull dread seekes where he knowes me  
     harmd ;  
     Since will is won, and stoppèd eares are charmed ;  
     Since force doth faint, and sight doth make me blind ;  
     Since loosing long, the faster still I bind ;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *'bind'*—apparently used in reflective sense—*'I bind myself.'*



Since naked sence can conquer reason armed ;  
 Since heart in chilling feare with yce is warmed ;  
 In fine, since strife of thought but marres the mind ;  
 I yeeld, O Loue, vnto thy loathèd yoke ;  
 But crauing law of armes, whose rule doth teach,  
 That hardly vsde, whoever prison broke,  
 In justice quit, of honour made no breach :  
 Whereas if I a gratefull gardien haue,  
 Thou art my lord, and I thy vowèd slaue.

x1. *'Only Bondage gaine.'*

WHEN Loue, puft vp with rage<sup>8</sup> of hy disdain,  
 Resolu'd to make me patterne of his might,  
 Like foe, whose wits inclin'd to deadly spite,  
 Would often kill, to breed more feeling paine ;  
 He would not, arm'd with beautie, only raigne  
 On those affectes which<sup>9</sup> easily yeeld to sight ;  
 But vertue sets so high, that reason's light,  
 For all his strife can onlie bondage gaine :  
 So that I liue to pay a mortall fee,

<sup>8</sup> '*rage*' = apparently with rage of my high disdain of him ; in Dublin A, 'hope.'

<sup>9</sup> '*which*' : Diana 1594, 'that.'

Dead-palsie<sup>1</sup>-sicke of all my chieftest parts ;  
 Like those whom dreames make vglie monsters see,  
 And can crie<sup>2</sup> helpe with nought but grones and starts :  
 Longing to haue, hauing no wit to wish,—  
 To staruing<sup>3</sup> minds such is god Cupid's dish.

XII. *Song* : ' *The Nightingale*.'<sup>4</sup>

To the tune of ' *Non credo già che più infelice amante.*'

THE nightingale, as soon as Aprill bringeth  
 Vnto her rested sense a perfect waking,  
 While late bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,  
 Sings out her woes, a thorne her song-booke making,  
 And mournfully bewailing,

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid* 'Dead-palsie'—accepted.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid* 'And cry, O helpe'—an inferior, though it may be an earlier, reading.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid* erroneously 'stammering . . . 'good.' In l. 4, 'would often kill'—either wishes to kill one often, or who often goes to the verge of killing by tortures and the like, in which latter case 'killing' would have the sense in which it is still used in Ireland and among ourselves. In l. 6, 'affects' = affections, feelings.

<sup>4</sup> Sonnet xii. See on this our preliminary note to this division. In Sonnet i. l. 8 and Sonnet ii. l. 2, Tereus is misspelled 'Thereus,' which is continued even in 1613 *Arcadia*, &c.

Her throate in tunes expresseth  
 What grief her breast oppresseth

For Tereus' force on her chaste will preuailing.  
 O Philomela faire, O take some gladnesse,  
 That here is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnesse :  
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;  
 Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart inuadeth.

## II.

**A**LAS, she hath no other cause of anguish  
 But Tereus' loue, on her by strong hand wrokne,  
 Wherein she suffring, all her spirits languish,  
 Full womanlike complaines her will was brokne.

But I, who, dayly crauing,  
 Cannot haue to content me,  
 Haue more cause to lament me,

Since wanting is more woe then too much hauing.  
 O Philomela faire, O take some gladnesse,  
 That here is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnesse :  
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;  
 Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart inuadeth.

XIII. '*Loue is dead.*'<sup>6</sup>

RING out your belles, let mourning shewes be spread ;

For Loue is dead :

All Loue is dead, infected

With plague of deep disdaine :

Worth, as nought worth, reiected,

And Faith faire scorne doth gaine.

From so vngrateful fancie,

From such a femall franzie,

From them that vse men thus,

Good Lord, deliuer us !

Weepe, neighbours, weepe ; do you not heare it said

That Loue is dead ?

His death-bed, peacock's follie ;

His winding-sheete is shame ;

His will, false-seeming holie ;

His sole exec'tour, blame.

From so vngrateful fancie,

From such a femall franzie,

From them that vse men thus,

Good Lord, deliuer us !

<sup>6</sup> Sonnet xiii. See on this our preliminary note to this division.

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,  
For Loue is 'dead ;

    Sir Wrong his tombe ordaineth  
My mistress' marble heart ;  
    Which epitaph containeth,  
' Her eyes were once his dart.' '  
    From so vngratefull fancie,  
    From such a femall franzie,  
    From them that vse men thus,  
    Good Lord, deliuer us !

Alas, I lie : rage hath this errour bred ;  
Loue is not dead ;

    Loue is not dead, but sleepeth  
In her vnmatchèd mind,  
    Where she his counsell keepeth,  
Till due deserts she find.  
    Therefore from so vile fancie,  
    To call such wit a franzie,  
    Who Loue can temper thus,  
    Good Lord, deliuer us !

and our Essay for Tennyson's catching-up of the 'ringing' of  
these bells, across the centuries.

III.

. PANSIES

FROM PENSHURST AND WILTON.

#### NOTE.

I give the heading of 'Pansies from Penshurst and Wilton' ('pansies for thoughts': Hamlet, iv. 5) to such of the Verse of Sidney as has not been hitherto brought together, and which does not find a fitting place under the other divisions. The first, 'Two Pastoralls,' and the second, 'Disprayse of a Courtly life,' are from Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602); the third is from Dr. Bliss's *Bibliographical Miscellanies* (Oxford, 1813, 4<sup>to</sup>, p. 63), taken from Bodleian Rawlinson MS., Poet 85; the fourth from England's *Helicon*; the fifth from Dr. Bliss's edition of Wood's *Athenæ* (vol. i. p. 525); the sixth from Cottoni *Posthuma*, p. 327; seventh to twenty-two are from 'Certaine Sonetts,' as before—being the remainder of those not given in our preceding division; twenty-three to twenty-fifth are from 'The Lady of May—a Masque'; twenty-sixth from the autograph at Wilton; and twenty-seventh, translations, are from Mornay's *Trewnesse of the Christian Religion*, 1592. G.

PANSIES  
FROM PENSHURST AND WILTON.

1. *Two Pastoralls*.<sup>1</sup>

Made by Sir Philip Sidney, vpon his meeting with his two worthy Friends and fellow-Poets, Sir Edward Dyer and Maister Fulke Greuill.<sup>2</sup>

I OYNE, mates, in mirth to me,  
Graunt pleasure to our meeting ;  
Let Pan, our good God, see  
How gratefull is our greeting.  
Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be ;  
Make but one minde in bodies three.

<sup>1</sup> From Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602 (Collier's reprint, pp. 7-9).

<sup>2</sup> On the *Two Pastorals*, and the Friendship celebrated, see our editions of FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE and of SIR EDWARD DYER. '*one minde in bodies three.*' So Priamond, Diamond, Triamond :

' These three did love each other dearly well,  
And with so firm affection were allied,  
*As if but one soul in them all did dwell.*'



Ye hymnes and singing skill,  
 Of God Apolloe's giuing,  
 Be prest our reedes to fill ready  
 With sound of musicke liuing,  
 Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be ;  
 Make but one minde in bodies three.

Sweete Orpheus' harpe, whose sound  
 The stedfast mountaynes moued,  
 Let heere thy skill abound, hear  
 To ioyne sweet friends beloued.  
 Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be ;  
 Make but one minde in bodies three.

My two and I be met,  
 A happy blessed trinitie,  
 As three most ioyntly set  
 In firmest band of vnitie.  
 Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be ;  
 Make but one minde in bodies three.

Welcome my two to me, E.D. F.G. P.S.  
 The number best beloued ;  
 Within my heart you be  
 In friendship vnremoued.

Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be ;  
Make but one minde in bodies three.

Giue leave your flockes to range,  
 Let vs the while be playing :  
 Within the elmy grange  
 Your flockes will not be straying.  
 Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be ;  
 Make but one minde in bodies three.

Cause all the mirth you can,  
 Since I am now come hether, hither  
 Who neuer ioy but when  
 I am with you together.  
 Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be ;  
 Make but one minde in bodies three.

Like Louers do their loue,  
So ioy I in you seeing,  
Let nothing mee remoue  
From alwayes with you beeing.  
Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be ;  
Make but one minde in bodies three.

And as the turtle-doue  
 To mate with whom he liueth,  
 Such comfort fervent loue  
 Of you to my heart giueth.  
 Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be ;  
 Make but one minde in bodies three.

Now ioynèd be our hands,  
 Let them be ne'r a sunder,  
 But linkt in binding bands bonds  
 By metamorphoz'd wonder.<sup>3</sup>  
 So should our seuer'd bodies three  
 As one for euer ioynèd be.

II. *Dispraye of a courtly life.*

WALKING in bright Phœbus' blaze,  
 Where with heat oppresst I was,  
 I got to a shady wood,  
 Where greene leaues did newly bud,

<sup>3</sup> 'metamorphoz'd wonder'—query=by the wonder (wondrous power or virtue) of metamorphosis? This gives a true and good sense, at least.

And of grass was plenty dwelling,  
 Deckt with pyde flowers sweetely smelling.  
 In this wood a man I met,  
 On lamenting wholly set ;  
 Rewing change of wonted state,  
 Whence he was transformèd late ;  
 Once to shepheards' God retayning,        serving  
 Now in servile Court remaying.  
 There he wandring, malecontent,  
 Vp and down perplexèd went,  
 Daring not to tell to mee,  
 Spake vnto a senceless tree,  
 One among the rest electing,  
 These same words, or this effecting : <sup>4</sup>  
 ' My old mates I griue to see  
 Voyde of me in field to bee,  
 Where we once our louely sheepe  
 Louingly like friends did keepe ;  
 Oft each other's friendship prouing,  
 Neuer striuing but in louing.  
 But may loue abiding bee

<sup>4</sup> ' *or this effecting* ' : in same sense, as we say, or words to this effect, *i.e.* effecting the same purpose or intent.

In poore shepherds' base degree ?  
 It belongs to such alone  
 To whom arte of loue is knowne :  
 Seely<sup>5</sup> shepherds are not witting  
 What in art of loue is fitting.  
 Nay, what neede the arte to those  
 To whom we our loue disclose ?  
 It is to be vsed then  
 When we doe but flatter men :  
 Friendship true, in hart assurèd,                      heart  
 Is by Nature's giftes procurèd.  
 Therefore shepherdes, wanting skill,  
 Can loue's duties best fulfill ;  
 Since they know not how to faine,  
 Nor with loue to cloake disdaine,  
 Like the wiser sort, whose learning  
 Hides their inward will of harming.  
 Well was I, while vnder shade  
 Oten reedes me musicke made ;                      oaten  
 Striuing with my mates in song,  
 Mixing mirth our songs among :  
 Greater was the shepherd's treasure

<sup>5</sup> 'seely' : see note in my SOUTHWELL, pp. 174-6.

Then this false, fine, courtly pleasure ;                    than  
 Where,<sup>6</sup> how many creatures be,  
 So many pufft in minde I see ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Like to Junoe's birdes of pride,  
 Scarce each other can abide :  
 Friends like to blacke swannes appearing,  
 Sooner these than those in hearing.  
 Therefore, Pan, if thou mayst be  
 Made to listen vnto me,  
 Grant, I say (if seely man  
 May make treaty to god Pan),  
 That I, without thy denying,  
 May be still to thee relying.  
 Only for my two loues' sake,    Sir Ed. D. and M. F. G.  
 In whose loue I pleasure take ;  
 Only two do me delight  
 With their euer-pleasing sight ;

<sup>6</sup> 'where' refers to the Court, included in the idea 'courtly pleasure.'

<sup>7</sup> A qualification of l. 5 : 'sooner' indeed would one see 'these' black swans than 'those' who are friends—'In hearing,' which latter qualification may from l. 4 be supposed to mean, who are friends, even as to their outward or lip words.

Of all men to thee retaining, serving  
 Grant me with those two remaining.  
 So shall I to thee alwayes  
 With my reedes sound mighty praise ;  
 And first lambe that shall befall,  
 Yearely deck thine alter shall ;  
 If it please thee be reflected,  
 And I from thee not reiected.<sup>8</sup>  
 So I left him in that place,  
 Taking pity on his case ;  
 Learning this among the rest,  
 That the meane estate is best ;  
 Better filled with contenting,  
 Voyde of wishing and repenting.

III. *'Affection's snare.'*<sup>8</sup>

THE darte, the beames, the stringe so stronge I proue,  
 Whiche my chefe parte dothe passe through,  
 parche, and tye,  
 That of the stroke, the heat, and knott of loue,  
 Wounded, inflamde, knitt to the deathe, I dye.

<sup>8</sup> The peculiarity of this sonnet is, that verbs, or nouns referring to these three nouns, are given in ll. 2-4, 7-9, 11-13, and words

Hardned and coulde, farr from affectione's snare  
Was once my mynde, my temper, and my lyfe ;  
While I that syghte, desyre, and vowe forbare,  
Whiche to auoide, quenche, loose, noughte booted  
stryfe.  
Yet will not I greife, ashes, thralldom change  
For others' ease, their frutte or free estate,  
So braue a shott, cleere fyre, and bewtye strange,  
Bid me pearce, burne, and bynde longe time and  
late,  
And in my woundes, my flames, and bondes, I fynd  
A salue, freshe ayre, and bryghte contented mynde.

referring to their opposites in ll. 10 and 14, and in this it resembles another sonnet (in *Arcadia*), 'Vertue, beauty, and speech,' with which it is also so closely connected, that I place it immediately after it here. If now we look to the third of these other verbs and nouns, we find tie, knot, knit, vow, thralldom (free estate, l. 10), beauty, bind, bonds (night-contented mind, l. 14). Hence as 'stinge' does not agree with these, but is a mere repetition of 'dart,' the original MS. seems to have been misread for 'stringe.' This word had not quite so weak a meaning as it now has, e.g. the sinews were called strings, and the word is here strengthened by the general epithet 'strong.' Similarly in l. 8 'lose' is a variant spelling of 'loose,' as applied to 'knots' and 'vows,' as is also shown by the 'loose' and 'knot' of ll. 13-14 in the next



iv. *'An excellent Sonnet of a Nymph.'*

VERTUE, beautie, and speeche did strike, wound,  
charme

My heart, eyes, eares with wonder, loue, delight ;  
First, second, last did binde, enforce, and arme  
His works, showes, sutes with wit, grace, and vowes'  
might.

Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,  
Held, pearst, possesst my iudgment, sence, and will ;  
Till wrongs, contempt, deceite did grow, steale, creepe,  
Bands, fauour, faith to breake, defile and kill ;  
Then grieve, vnkindnes, prooffe, tooke, kindled, taught,  
Well-grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain.  
But ah, alas, in vaine, my minde, sight, thought  
Doth him, his face, his words leaue, shunne, refraine :  
For nothing, time nor place, can loose, quench, ease  
Mine owne, embracèd, sought, knot, fire, disease.

sonnet. This error in l. 8 confirms that in l. 8 'listed' (which gives no sense) is a misprint for 'booted' = profited or advantaged, to avoid, &c., which strife advantaged naught, or was of no avail. But with all elucidation, there is a shadow of obscurity over this sonnet and the succeeding. 'Thee' throughout is spelt 'the.'

v. 'Love.'<sup>9</sup>

AH, poore Loue, whi dost thou liue,  
Thus to se thy seruice lost ?  
If she will no comforte geue,  
Make an end, yeald vp the goaste ;  
That she may at lengthe aproue  
That she hardlye long beleued,  
That the harte will dye for loue  
That is not in tyme relieued.  
Ohe that euer I was borne,  
Seruice so to be refused,  
Faythfull loue to be foreborne !  
Neuer loue was so abused.  
But, swet Loue, be still a whylle ;  
She that hurte thee, Loue, maye healle thee ;  
Sweet, I see within her smylle  
More than reason can reueale thee.  
For, thoughe she be riche and fayre,  
Yet she is bothe wise and kynde,  
And therefore do thou not despayre,  
But thy faythe may fancy fynde.

<sup>9</sup> From Dr. Bliss's *Wood's Athenæ* (i. 525).

The babe cries, 'Way, thy loue doth keepe me  
                   waking.' away  
 Lully, lully, my babe, Hope cradle bringeth  
       Vnto my children alway good rest taking.  
 The babe cries, 'Way,<sup>1</sup> thy loue doth keepe me  
                   waking.'  
 Since, babie mine, from me thy watching springeth,  
       Sleepe then a little, pap Content is making.  
 The babe cries, 'Nay, for that abide I waking.'

VIII. *Verses.*<sup>2</sup>

To the tune of the Spanish song, 'Se tu sefínora no dueles  
                   de mi.'

○ FAIRE? O sweete ! when I do looke on thee,  
       In whome all ioyes so well agree,  
 Heart and soul do sing in me.  
       This you heare is not my tongue,  
 Which once said what I conceauèd,  
 For it was of vse bereauèd,  
       With a cruell answer stong.

<sup>1</sup> 'ay,' 1598 A: but 'away,' A 1613, &c. is the word, i. e. Go away—agreeing with l. 7, and with child-lips.

<sup>2</sup> Modern editors, e. g. Gray, &c. have omitted third line of refrain.

No ; though tongue to roofe be cleauèd,  
Fearing least he chastisde be,  
Heart and soule do singe in me.

O faire ! O sweete ! when I do looke on thee,  
In whome all ioyes so well agree,  
Heart and soul do sing in me.  
Iust accord all musicke makes ;  
In thee iust accord excelleth,  
Where each part in such peace dwelleth,  
One of other, beautie takes.  
Since, then, truth to all mindes telleth  
That in thee liues harmonie,  
Hart and soule do sing in me.

O faire ! O sweete ! when I do looke on thee,  
In whome all ioyes so well agree,  
Heart and soul do sing in me.  
They that heauen haue knowne do say,  
That whoso that grace obtaineth,  
To see what faire sight there raigneth,  
Forcèd are to sing alway :  
So, then, since that heauen remaineth  
In thy face I plainly see,  
Heart and soule do singe in me.

O faire ! O sweete ! when I do looke on thee,  
 In whome all ioyes so well agree,  
 Heart and soul do sing in me.  
 Sweete, thinke not I am at ease,  
 For because my cheefe part singeth ;  
 This song from deathe's sorrow springeth,  
 As to swanne in last disease :  
 For no dumbnesse nor death bringeth  
 Stay to true loue's melody :  
 Heart and soul do sing in me.

ix. *Translated out of Horace,*<sup>3</sup>

[Book ii. Ode x.] which beginnes 'Rectius viues, Licini,' &c.

YOU better, sure, shall liue, not euermore  
 Trying high seas ; nor, while sea's rage you flee,  
 Pressing too much upon ill-harboured shore. too  
 The golden meane who loues liues safely free  
 From filth of foreworne house, and quiet liues,  
 Releas from Court, where enuie needes must be.  
 The winde most oft the hugest pine-tree greeues ;  
 The stately towers come downe with greater fall ;

<sup>3</sup> The same ode is translated by Lord Surrey (*Tottell's Miscel.* (Arber) p. 27), and by others.

The highest hills the bolt of thunder cleuees ;  
 Euill happes do fill with hope, good happes appall  
 With feare of change, the courage well preparede ;  
 Fowle Winters, as they come, away they shall.  
 Though present times and past with euils be snarde,  
 They shall not last ; with citherne silent Muse  
 Apollo wakes, and bowe hath sometime sparde.  
 In hard estate, with stowt shew valor vse ;  
 The same man still, in whom wisdom preuailes,  
 In too full winde draw in thy swelling sailes.

x. *Out of Catullus.*

[Carm. LXX.]

- i. **N**ULLI se dicit mulier mea nubere malle,  
 Quam mihi ; non si se Iupiter ipse petat.  
 Dicit ; sed mulier cupido quae dicit amanti,  
 In vento, et rapida scribere oportet<sup>4</sup> aqua.

<sup>4</sup> This is an excellent illustration of how blunders are more blundered by attempts at correction. In 1598 we have 'optet' for 'oportet,' and some one with inattentive care, or knowing just enough Latin to remember that *optare* was of the first conjugation, altered 'optet' in 1605 to 'optat.' Modern editors put lines

Englished.

Vnto nobody, my woman saith, she had rather a wife be  
 Then to myselfe, not though Ioue grew a suter of  
 hers ;  
 These be her words ; but a woman's words to a loue  
 that is eager,  
 In wind or water's streame do require to be writ.

[*Out of Seneca, Œdipus, 705-6.*]

II. Qui sceptra sævus duro imperio regit,  
 Timet timentes ; metus in authorem redit.  
 Faire, seek not to be feard ; most louely, be loued by  
 thy seruants ;  
 For true it is, that they feare many whom many  
 feare.

XI. '*The seeled<sup>s</sup> doue.*'

LIKE as the doue, which sealed vp doth flie,  
 Is neither freed nor yet to seruice bound,

even, while they are hexameter and pentameter ; and so in No. ii.  
 of these imitations ; while to make the pentameter scan as an  
 hexameter, 'do' is unwarrantably introduced.

<sup>s</sup> '*seeled*' = eyelids closed by a thread passed through them  
 lightly.

But hopes to gaine some helpe by mounting hie,  
 Till want of force do force her fall to ground :  
 Right so my minde, caught by his guiding eye,  
 And thence cast off, where his sweet hurt he found,  
 Hath neither leaue to live, nor doome to dye,  
 Nor held in euill, nor suffered to be sound ;  
 But with his wings of fancies vp he goes,  
 To hie conceits, whose fruits are oft but small ;  
 Till wounded, blind, and wearied spirite<sup>6</sup> lose  
 Both force to flie, and knowledge where to fall.  
 O happy doue, if she no bondage tried !  
 More happie I, might I in bondage bide.

XII. '*The Satyr.*' By E. D.<sup>7</sup>

PROMETHEUS, when first from heauen hie  
 He brought downe fire, ere then on earth not  
 scene,  
 Fond of Delight, a Satyre, standing by,  
 Gaue it a kisse, as it like sweete had beene ;

<sup>6</sup> '*Sprite*' is dissyllabic here, and the nominative to 'lose' and the article 'the'—'till' ['the' or 'his']—being, as often, omitted.

<sup>7</sup> See our collection of the writings of SIR EDWARD DYER in *Miscellanies of Fuller Worthies' Library*, and the *Dr. Farmer*



Feeling forthwith the other burning power,  
     Wood with the smart, with showts and shryking  
                                 shrill,                                  maddened  
 He sought his ease in riuer, field, and bower;  
     But, for the time, his grieve went with him still.  
 So, silly I, with that vnwonted sight,  
     In humane shape an angell from aboue,  
 Feeding mine eyes, the impression there did light,  
     That, since, I runne and rest as pleaseth loue :  
 The difference is, the satyre's lippes, my hart ;  
 He for a while, I euermore haue smart.

XIII. '*The Satyr*' :

Answered by Sidney.

**A** SATYRE once did runne away for dread  
     With sound of horne, which he himselfe did blow ;  
 Fearing and feared, thus from himselfe he fled,  
     Deeming strange euill in that he did not know.

Chetham MS. as edited by us, for Nos. xii. and xiii. In addition to our defence of 'Delight' in the former, be it noted that 'fond' is here=foolish=foolish through delight at the new fair-shining toy. So that more than ever must we refuse to follow Dr. Hannah in reading 'Light.' See also st. v. of Sidney's 'When to my deadly pleasure' (No. xvii. of this division).

Such causelesse feares when coward minds do take,  
 It makes them flie that which they faine would haue ;  
 As this poore beast, who did his rest forsake,  
 Thinking not why, but how, himselfe to saue.  
 Euen thus might I, for doubts which I conceaue  
 Of mine owne wordes, my owne good hap betray ;  
 And thus might I, for feare of may be, leaue  
 The sweete pursute of my desired pray.                   prey  
 Better like I thy satyre, deerest Dyer,  
 Who burnt his lips to kisse faire shining fire.

XIV. '*A constant faith.*'

MY mistresse lowers, and saith I do not loue :  
 I do protest, and seeke with seruice due,  
 In humble mind, a constant faith to proue ;  
 But, for all this, I cannot her remoue  
 From deepe vaine thought that I may not be true.  
 If othes might serue, euen by the Stygian lake,  
 Which, poets say, the gods themselues do feare,  
 I neuer did my vowèd word forsake ;  
 For why should I, whom free choise slaue doth  
                   make,  
 Else-what in face than in my fancie bear ?  
 My Muse, therefore, for onely thou canst tell,

Tell me the cause of this my causelesse woe ;  
 Tell how ill thought disgrac'd my doing well ;  
 Tell how my ioyes and hopes thus fowly fell  
 To so lowe ebbe, that wonted were to flowe.  
 O, this it is,—the knotted straw is found ;<sup>8</sup>  
 In tender harts small things engender hate ;  
 A horse's worth laid wast the Troian ground ;<sup>9</sup>  
 A three-foote stoole in Greece made trumpets sound ;<sup>10</sup>  
 An asse's shade e'er now hath bred debate.<sup>1</sup>  
 If Greekes themselues were mou'd with so small  
 cause,

<sup>8</sup> '*Nodum in scirpo quærere*,' the well-known Latin proverb, and its English equivalent, is much used in Euphuistic novels. As there is no 'knot' in a rush, it would follow that the 'rush' in which a 'knot' is found must be a straw. When rushes were used for carpeting, the transition from looking for a knot in a rush, to finding a knotted straw among the rushes, would be easy. This note I owe to my friend, J. M. Thomson, Esq., Edinburgh.

<sup>9</sup> Alluding to Laomedon's breach of his promise to give to Hercules the horses which he had received in exchange for Ganymede; in revenge for which, Hercules "laid waste the Troian ground."

<sup>10</sup> Obscure—it is just possible that the reference is to the "second sacred war" for the possession of the oracle ('tripod') of Delphi.

<sup>1</sup> *Ὀνὸν σκία* is a Greek proverb for a trifle. The allusion is to Aristophanes *Vespæ*, 191.

To twist those broyles, which hardly would vntwine ;  
Should ladies faire be tyed to such hard lawes,  
As in their moodes to take a lingring pawse ?  
I would it not ; their metall is too fine.

My hand doth not beare witnesse with my hart,  
She saith, because I make no woful laies,  
To paint my liuing death and endlesse smart ;  
And so for one that felt god Cupid's dart,  
She thinkes I leade and liue too merrie daies.

Are poets, then, the onely louers true,  
Whose hearts are set on measuring a verse ;  
Who think themselues well blest if they renew  
Some good old dumpe<sup>2</sup> that Chaucer's mistresse  
knew,

And vse but you for matters to rehearse ?

Then, good Apollo, do away thy bowe ;  
Take harp, and sing in this our versing time,  
And in my braine some sacred humour flowe ;  
That all the earth my woes, sighs, teares may  
know ;

And see you not that I fall now to ryme ?

As for my mirth, how could I but be glad,

<sup>2</sup> = a doleful tune or song. Cf. our edn. of Dr. Loe's Poems in  
F. W. L.

Whilst that me-thought I iustly made my boast  
 That only I the only mistresse had ?  
 But now, if ere my face with ioy be clad,  
 Thinke Hannibal did laugh when Carthage lost.  
 Sweet ladie, as for those whose sullen cheare,  
 Compar'd to me, made me in lightnesse sound ;  
 Who, stoick-like, in clowdie hew appeare,  
 Who silence force to make their words more deare ;  
 Whose eyes seem chaste because they looke on  
                     ground,—  
 Beleeue them not ; for physick true doth finde  
 Cholor adust<sup>3</sup> is ioyed in woman-kinde.

xv. *A Dialogue between two Shepherds.*

Vttered in a Pastorall Show at Wilton.

WILL. DICK, since we cannot dance, come, let a  
                     chearefull voyce  
 Shew that we do not grudge at all when others  
                     do rejoyce.

<sup>3</sup> 'adust' = parched or burnt up, adj. of adustion (*adustio*).  
 Those in whom the bile or cause of melancholy is burnt up (by the  
 fire of love—for the seat of bodily love was supposed to be in the  
 liver) are those who are joyed with woman-kind.

DICK. Ah Will ! though I grudge not, I count it feeble  
glee,

With sight made dymme with dayly teares, an-  
other's sport to see.

Whoever lambkins saw (yet lambkins loue to  
play)

To play when that their louèd dammes are stoln  
or gone astray ?

If this in them be true, as true in men think I,  
A lustles song, forsooth, thinks hee, that hath  
more lust to cry. pleasureless

WILL. A tyme there is for all, my mother often sayes,  
When she, with skirts tuckt very hy, with girles  
at stoolball<sup>4</sup> playes.

<sup>4</sup> 'stool-ball.' Strutt, *s.v.*, says 'stool-ball is frequently mentioned by the writers of the three last centuries, but without any proper definition of the game. I have been informed that a pastime called stool-ball is practised to this day in the northern parts of England, which consists in simply setting a stool upon the ground and one of the players takes his place before it, while antagonist, standing at a distance, tosses a ball with the intention of striking the stool ; and this it is the business of the former to prevent, by beating it away with the hand, reckoning one to the game for every stroke of the ball ; if, on the contrary, it should be missed by the hand and touch the stool, the players change places.

When thou hast mynd to weepe, seeke out some  
smoky room :

Now let those lightsomme sights we see thy  
darknes ouercome.

DICK. What ioy the ioyfull sunne giues vnto bleared  
eyes ;

That comfort in these sports you like, my mynde  
his comfort tryes.<sup>5</sup>

I believe the same also happens if the person who threw the ball [or probably any player] can catch and retain it when driven back, before it reaches the ground. The conqueror at this game is he who strikes the ball most times before it touches the stool,' &c. The game, in fact, would seem to be a form of the school-game 'rounders,' where the ball is struck with a short stick instead of with the hand, and where the 'in' party occupy a round of stations, and become in succession the strikers, while the 'out' party comprise the thrower and catchers of the ball. Nares, *s.v.*, gives quotations showing that it was a favourite women's game; and from a song in D'Urfey's play of *Don Quixote*, quoted by Strutt, it appears that, like kiss-in-the-ring and other games, both sexes often joined at rural merry-makings in playing it.

<sup>5</sup> =that comfort tries (vexes) my mind's comfort. It is a curious illustration of the difference of the ages that this real love and love for a married woman should have been thus spoken of in a show or masque. It is to be regretted that we cannot tell whether Sidney spoke the part he wrote, or whether he, like Hamlet, wrote it for a player to interpolate. In l. 39 'downes' (A 1613) is usually misprinted 'dames.'

WILL. What ! is thy bagpipe broke, or are thy lambs  
miswent ;

Thy wallet or thy tar-box lost ; or thy new ray-  
ment rent ?

DICK. I would it were but thus ; for thus it were too  
well.

WILL. Thou see'st my eares do itch at it : good Dick,  
thy sorow tell.

DICK. Hear, then, and learne to sigh : a mistress I do  
serue,

Whose wages makes me beg the more, who feeds  
me till I sterue ;

Whose lyuerie's such as most I freeze apparelled  
most,

And lookes so neere vnto my cure, that I must  
needes be lost.

WILL. What ! these are riddles, sure ; art thou, then,  
bound to her ?

DICK. Bound, as I neither power haue, nor would haue  
power, to stir.

WILL. Who bound thee ?

DICK. Loue, my lord.

WILL. What witnesses thereto ?

DICK. Faith in myself, and worth in her, which no  
proofe can vndoe.



WILL. What seale ?

DICK. My hart deep grauen.

WILL. Who made the band so fast ?

DICK. Wonder that, by two so black eyes, the glittering  
stars be past.

WILL. What keepeth safe thy band ?

DICK. Remembrance is the chest  
Lockte fast with knowing that she is of worldly  
things the best.

WILL. Thou late of wages playnd'st : what wages mayst  
thou haue ?

DICK. Her heauenly looks, which more and more do  
giue me cause to craue.

WILL. If wages make you want, what food is that she  
giues ?

DICK. Teares' drink, sorrowe's meat, wherewith not I,  
but in me my death liues.

WILL. What liuing get you, then ?

DICK. Disdayne, but iust disdayne :  
So haue I cause myselfe to plaine, but no cause  
to complayne.

WILL. What care takes she for thee ?

DICK. Hir care is to preuent  
My freedom, with show of hir beames, with vir-  
tue, my content.

WILL. God shield vs from such dames ! If so our  
downes be sped,

The shepheards will grow leane, I trow ; their  
sheep will ill be fed.

But, Dick, my counsell marke : run from the  
place of wo :

The arrow being shot from far doth giue the  
smaller blowe.

DICK. Good Will, I cannot take thy good aduice : be-  
fore

That foxes leaue to steale, they finde they dy  
therefore.

WILL. Then, Dick, let vs go hence, lest wee great folkes  
annoy ;

For nothing can more tedious bee then plaint  
in time of ioy.

DICK. Oh hence ! O cruell word ! which euen doggs  
do hate :

But hence, euen hence I must needes go ; such  
is my dogged fate.

xvi. *Song.*

To the tune of 'Wilhelmus van Nassau,' &c.

WHO hath his fancie pleasèd  
With fruits of happie sight,  
Let here his eyes be raisèd  
On Nature's sweetest light ;  
A light which doth disseuer,  
And yet vnite the eyes ;  
A light which—dying neuer—  
Is cause the looker dyes.

She neuer dies, but lasteth  
In life of louers hart ;  
He euer dies that wasteth  
In loue his chieftest part.  
Thus is her life still guarded  
In neuer-dying faith ;  
Thus is his death rewarded,  
Since she liues in his death.

Looke then, and dye ; the pleasure  
Doth answere well the paine ;  
Small losse of mortall treasure,  
Who may immortall gaine.

Immortall be her graces,  
Immortall is her minde ;  
They,<sup>6</sup> fit for heauenly places,  
This heauen in it doth bind.

But eyes these beauties see not,  
Nor sence that grace descryes ;  
Yet eyes depriuèd be not  
From sight of her faire eyes,<sup>7</sup>  
Which, as of inward glorie  
They are the outward seale ;  
So may they liue still sorie,  
Which die not in that weale.

But who hath fancies pleasèd  
With fruits of happie sight,  
Let here his eyes be raysèd  
On Nature's sweetest light.

<sup>6</sup> =her graces : 'This'=her mind.

<sup>7</sup> Misprinted formerly 'liuerie.'

xvii. *The Smokes of Melancholy.*<sup>8</sup>

- I. WHO hath euer felt the change of loue,  
And knowne those pangs that the loosers  
proue,  
May paint my face without seeing mee,  
And write the state how my fancies bee,  
The lothsome buds growne on Sorrowe's tree.  
But who by hearesay speakes, and hath not fully  
felt  
What kind of fires they be in which those spirits  
melt,  
Shall gesse, and faile, what doth displease,  
Feeling my pulse, misse my disease.
- II. O no ! O no ! tryall onely shewes  
The bitter iuice of forsaken woes ;  
Where former blisse present euils do staine ;  
Nay, former blisse addes to present paine,  
While remembrance doth both states containe.  
Come, learners, then, to me, the modell of mis-  
happe,  
Engulfed in despaire, slid downe from Fortune's  
lappe ;

<sup>8</sup> See Essay on xvii. xviii. and xix.

And, as you like my double lot,  
Tread in my steppes, or follow not.

- III. For me, alas, I am full resolu'd  
Those bands, alas, shall not be dissolu'd ;  
Nor breake my word, though reward come late ;  
Nor faile my faith in my failing fate ;  
Nor change in change, though change change my  
state :  
But alwayes own myselfe with eagle-eyde Trueth,  
to flie  
Vp to the sunne, although the sunne my wings do  
frie ;  
For if those flames burne my desire,  
Yet shall I die in Phoenix' fire.

XVIII. '*My Deadly Pleasure.*'

WHEN to my deadlie pleasure,  
When to my liuelie torment,  
Ladie, mine eyes remainèd  
Ioynèd, alas, to your beames ;  
With violence of heau'nly  
Beautie, tièd to vertue,

Reason abasht retyrèd ;  
Gladly my senses yeelded.  
Gladly my senses yeelding,  
Thus to betray my hart's fort,  
Left me deuoid of all life.  
They to the beemie sunnes went,  
Where, by the death of all deaths,  
Finde to what harme they hastned.  
Like to the silly Syluan,  
Burn'd by the light he best liked,  
When with a fire he first met.  
Yet, yet, a life to their death,  
Lady, you have reseruèd ;  
Lady, the life of all loue.  
For though my sense be from me,  
And I be dead, who want sense,  
Yet do we both liue in you.  
Turnèd anew, by your meanes,     metamorphosed  
Unto the flower that ay turnes,  
As you, alas, my sunne bends.  
Thus do I fall, to rise thus ;  
Thus do I dye, to liue thus ;  
Chang'd to a change, I change not.  
Thus may I not be from you ;  
Thus be my senses on you ;

Thus what I thinke is of you ;  
Thus what I seeke is in you ;  
All what I am, it is you.

XIX. *Verses.*

To the tune of a Neapolitan song, which beginneth  
'No, no, no, no.'

NO, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,  
Although with cruell fire,  
First throwne on my desire,  
She sackes my rendred sprite :  
For so faire a flame embraces  
All the places  
Where that heat of all heats springeth,  
That it bringeth  
To my dying heart some pleasure,  
Since his treasure  
Burneth bright in fairest light.  
No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,  
Although with cruell fire,  
First throwne on my desire,  
She sackes my rendred sprite :



Since our lives be not immortall,  
But to mortall  
Fetters tyed, to waite the hower  
Of deathe's power,  
They haue no cause to be sorie,  
Who with glorie  
End the way, where all men stay.  
No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,  
Although with cruell fire,  
First throwne on my desire,  
She sackes my rendred sprite :  
No man doubts, whom beautie killeth,  
Faire death feeleth,  
And in whome faire death proceedeth,  
Glorie breedeth :  
So that I, in her beames dying,  
Glorie trying,  
Though in paine, cannot complaine.  
No, no, no, no.

xx. *Song.*

To the Tune of a Neapolitan Villanell.

ALL my sense thy sweetnes gainèd ;  
Thy faire haire my hart enchainèd ;  
My poore reason thy words moued,  
So that thee, like heauen, I loued.  
Fa, la, la, leridan, dan, dan, dan, deridan ;  
Dan, dan, dan, deridan, deridan, dei :  
While to my minde the outside stood  
For messenger of inward good.

Now thy sweetnesse sowre is deemèd,  
Thy haire not worth a haire esteemèd ;  
Reason hath thy words remoued,  
Finding that but words they proued.  
Fa, la, la, leridan, dan, dan, dan, deridan ;  
Dan, dan, dan, deridan, deridan, dei :  
For no faire signe can credit winne,  
If that the substance faile within.

No more in thy sweetnesse glorie,  
For thy knitting haire be sorie ;  
Vse thy words but to bewaile thee,  
That no more thy beames auaille thee.  
Fa, la, la, leridan, dan, dan, dan, deridan

Dan, dan, dan, deridan, deridan, dei :<sup>1</sup>  
 Lay not thy colours more to view,  
 Without the picture be found true.

Wo to me, alas, she weepeth !  
 Foole, in me what follie creepeth !  
 Was I to blaspheme enraged,  
 Where my soule I haue engaged !  
 Fa, la, la, leridan, dan, dan, dan, deridan ;  
     Dan, dan, dan, deridan, deridan, dei :  
 And wretched I must yeeld to this ;  
 The fault I blame her chastness is.

Sweetnesse ! sweetly pardon folly ;  
 Ty me, haire, your captiue holly :                   wholly  
 Words ! O words of heauenlie knowledge !  
 Know, my words their faults acknowledge ;  
 Fa, la, la, leridan, dan, dan, dan, deridan ;  
     Dan, dan, dan, deridan, deridan, dei :  
 And all my life I will confesse,  
 The lesse I loue, I liue the lesse.

<sup>1</sup> I have filled in the complete refrain, or whatever it is to be called. Usually abridged into

‘ Dan, dan.  
 Dan, dan.’

xxi. *Translated out of the Diana of Monte-Maior.*<sup>2</sup>

In Spanish; where Sireno, a shepheard, pulling out a little of his mistresse' haire wrapt about with greene silk, who now had vtterlie forsaken him: to the haire he thus bewaild himselfe:

WHAT changes here, O haire,  
 I see, since I saw you!  
 How ill fits you this greene to weare,  
 For hope the colour due!  
 Indeed, I well did hope,  
 Though hope were mixte with feare,  
 No other shepheard should haue scope  
 Once to approach this heere. hair

Ah, haire, how many dayes  
 My Diane made me shew,  
 With thousand pretty childish plaies,  
 If I ware you or no!

<sup>2</sup> The *Diana* may be accounted the model of the *Arcadia*, and this and the next are the second and third pieces of verse in it; but the headings are not the words of the Romance, but of Sidney or some other for him. As a coincidence, it may be noted that the English translation of the *Diana* by Bartholomew Yong (1598)—

Alas, how oft with teares,—  
O teares of guilefull breast !—  
She seemèd full of iealous feares,  
Whereat I did but ieast.

Tell me, O haire of gold,  
If I then faultie be,  
That trust those killing eyes I would,  
Since they did warrant me ?  
Haue you not seene her mood,  
What streames of teares she spent,  
Till that I sware my faith so stood,  
As her words had it bent ?

Who hath such beautie seene  
In one that changeth so ?  
Or where one's loue so constant bene,  
Who euer saw such woe ?  
Ah, haire, are you not greiu'd  
To come from whence you be,  
Seeing how once you saw I liu'd,  
To see me as you see ?

but finished in MS. ' May 1st, 1583 '—was dedicated to Lady Rich.  
May these have been translated by Sidney when thinking of, and  
about the time of, Stella's Marriage?

On sandie bank of late  
 I saw this woman sit,  
 Where, ' Sooner die then change my state,'  
 She with her finger writ :  
 Thus my beleefe was staid  
 (Behold Loue's mightie hand)  
 On things were by a woman said,      which were  
 And written in the sand.

XXII. *The same Sireno in Monte-Maior,*  
 Holding his mistresse' glasse before her, and looking vpon  
 her while shée viewed herselfe, thus sang :

O F this high grace with blisse conioyn'd,  
 No further debt on me is laid ;  
 Since that is selfe-same metall coin'd,  
 Sweet ladie, you remaine well paid ;  
 For if my place giue me great pleasure,  
 Hauing before me Nature's treasure,  
 In face and eyes vnmatchèd being,  
 You haue the same in my hands, seeing  
 What in your face mine eyes do measure.  
 Nor thinke the match vneu'nly made,  
 That of those beames in you do tarie.      which in

The glasse to you but giues a shade,  
 To me mine eyes the true shape carie ;  
 For such a thought most highlie prizèd,  
 Which euer hath Loue's yoke despisèd,  
 Better then one captiu'd perceiueth ;  
 Though he the liuely forme receiueth,  
 The other sees it but disguisèd.

xxiii. *Supplication.*<sup>3</sup>

TO one whose state is raisèd ouer all,  
 Whose face doth oft the brauest sort enchaunt,  
 Whose mind is such as wisest minds appall,  
 Who in one selfe these diuerse giftes can plant ;  
 How dare I, wretch, seeke there my woes to rest,  
 Where eares be burnt, eyes dazled, harts opprest !

<sup>3</sup> In the context-note of the closing song it is said that Espilus sings this song ; but st. ii. is the consoling thought of Therion, and for Espilus to sing it, and then to continue in st. iii. ' Thus joyfully ' when Pan was anything but joyful, is out of the question. Again, it is still more absurd for him to sing in one and the same stanza first, ' Thus joyfully,' ll. 1-4, as he really is, and then in l. 5 to change to ' Thus woful I,' which he is not. ' Thus woful I ' could have been sung by no one but Therion. These

Your state is great, your greatnesse is our shield ;  
Your face hurts oft, but still it doth delight ;  
Your mind is wise, your wisdom makes you mild :  
Such planted gifts enrich euen beggers' sight.  
So dare I wretch, my bashfull feare subdue,  
And feede mine eares, mine eyes, my hart in you.

XXIV. *Song-contest.*

Therion chaledged Espilus to sing with him, speaking  
these sixe verses :

## THERION.

COME, Espilus, come, now declare thy skill,  
Shew how thou canst deserue so brave desire ;  
Warne well thy wits, if thou wilt win her will,  
For water cold did neuer promise fire :  
Great, sure is she, on whom our hopes do liue,  
Greater is she who must the iudgement giue.

parts being thus apportioned, the sense and the corresponding words in l. 5 'Thus woful I' require 'Thus joyfull I' instead of the misreading 'joyfully,' and so 'wofull I' for like misreading of 'wofully'—'wofull I' being A 1613 reading. Nos. xxiii.-xxv. are from the *Lady of May*, a Masque (A 1598).



But Espilus, as if he had bene inspired with the Muses, began forthwith to sing; whereto his fellow-shepheards set in with their recorders, which they bare in their bags like pipes; and so of Therion's side did the foresters, with the cornets they wore about their neckes, like hunting-hornes in baudrikes.

## ESPILUS.

Tune vp, my voice, a higher note I yeeld,  
To high conceits the song must needes be high :  
More high then stars, more firme then flintie field,  
Are all my thoughts, in which I liue or die.  
Sweete soule, to whom I vowèd am a slaue,  
Let not wild woods so great a treasure haue.

## THERION.

The highest note comes oft from basest mind,  
As shallow brookes do yeeld the greatest sound ;  
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to find ;  
Thy stars be fal'n, plow'd is thy flintie ground.  
Sweete soule, let not a wretch that serueth sheepe  
Among his flocke so sweete a treasure keepe.

## ESPILUS.

Two thousand sheepe I haue as white as milke,  
Though not so white as is thy louely face ;  
The pasture rich, the wooll as soft as silke,  
All this I giue, let me possesse thy grace.

But still take heede, lest thou thyselfe submit  
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.

THERION.

Two thousand deere in wildest woods I haue ;  
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold :  
He is not poore who can his freedome saue ;  
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would.  
But take this beast, if beasts you feare to misse,  
For of his beasts the greatest beast he is.

ESPILUS, *kneeling to the Queen.*

Iudge you, to whom all beautie's force is lent.

THERION.

Iudge you of Loue, to whom all loue is bent.

XXV. *Tales in Song.*

ESPILUS.

SYLUANUS, long in loue, and long in vaine,  
At length obtain'd the point of his desire,  
Who being askt, now that he did obtaine  
His wish'd weale, what more he could require :  
Nothing, sayd he, for most I ioy in this,  
That Goddesse mine, my blessed being sees.

## THERION.

When wanton Pan, deceiu'd with lion's skin,  
 Came to the bed where wound for kisse he got,  
 To wo and shame the wretch did enter in,  
 Till this he tooke for comfort of his lot ;  
 Poore Pan, he sayd, although thou beaten be,  
 It is no shame, since Hercules was he.

## ESPILUS.

Thus ioyfull I in chosen tunes reioice  
 That such an one is wnesse of my hart,  
 Whose clerest eyes I blisse, and sweetest voyce,  
 That see my good, and iudgeth my desert.

## THERION.

Thus wofull I in wo this salue do find,  
 My foule mishap came yet from fairest mind.

XXVI. *To Queen Elizabeth.*

Found in a folio copy of *Arcadia* &c, at Wilton House.

This Lock of Queen Elisabeth's owne Hair was presented to Sir Philip Sidney by Her Majesty's owne faire hands, on which He made these verses, and gaue them to the Queen, on his bended knee. Anno Domini 1573.

HER inward worth all outward Show transcends,  
 Envy her Merits with Regret Commends,

Like Sparkling Gems her Vertues draw the Sight,  
 And in her Conduct She is alwaies Bright ;  
 When She imparts her thoughts her words have force,  
 And Sence and Wisdom flow in sweet Discourse.

xxvii. *Translations from Philip of Mornay.*<sup>4</sup>

- i. ALL things that are, or euer were, or shall here-  
 after bee,  
 Both man and woman, beast and bird, fish, worme,  
 herb, grasse, and tree,  
 And euery other thing, yea, euen the auncient gods  
 each one,  
 Whom wee so highly honor heere, come all of one  
 alone.

(*Aristotle, Philosophie and of the World*, p. 26.

<sup>4</sup> These Translations are taken from 'A Worke concerninge the Trewnesse of Christian Religion, written in French: Against Atheists, Epicures, Paynims, Iewes, Mahumetists, and other Infidels. By Philip of Mornay, Lord of Plessie-Marke. Begunne to be translated into English by Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, and at his request finished by Arthur Golding. At London, Printed by Robert Robinson for I. B., dwelling at the great North doore of St. Paul's Church, at the signe of the Bible.' 1592, 4to, pp. 22 and 552. I have not ventured to go beyond p. 83 of this 'begunne' translation; nor indeed was there any temptation to do so.

2. The Ioue almightie is the King of Kings and God  
of Gods,  
One God, and all, the Father both and Mother of  
the Gods.

*(Valerius Soranus, p. 34.*

3. Looke up to that same only King, Which did the  
world create :  
Who being only one, self-bred, all other things be-  
gate :  
And being with them all, unseene of any mortall  
wight,  
Beholdeth all things, giuing man now wealth and  
heart's delight,  
Now wofull warre : for sure there is none other  
King but Hee.  
I see Him not, because the clowdes a covert to  
Him bee,  
And in the eye of mortall man there is but mortall  
sight,  
Too weake to see the lightfull Iouue that ruleth all  
with right :  
For, sitting in the brazen Heauen aloft in throne of  
golde,  
Hee makes the Earth His footestoole, and with  
either hand doth holde

The outmost of the Ocean-waues ; and at His pre-  
sence quake

Both mountaynes huge, and hideous seas, and eke  
the Stygian Lake :

. . . . .

The endlesse skie and stately heauens, and all things  
eke beside,

Did once within the thundering Ioue close hoorded  
up abide :

The blessed Gods and Goddesses, whose being is  
for aye,

And all things past or yet to come, within Ioue's  
bowels lay :

From Ioue's wide wombe did all things come :  
Ioue is both first and last ;

Beginning, Middles and Ende is Ioue ; for Ioue are  
all things past.

Ioue layde foundation of the Earth and of the  
starrie skie ;

Ioue reigneth King ; the selfe-same Ioue of all  
things farre and nie

The Father and the Author is : one power, one God  
is Hee.

Alonely great, one Lord of All. This royall masse  
which wee

Beholde, and all [the] things that are conteynèd in  
the same,  
As fire and water, earth and ayre, and Titan's  
golden flame  
That shines by Day. and drowns the Night, and  
euerie other thing,  
Are placèd in the goodly House of Ioue, the hea-  
uenly King.

*(Hymn of Orpheus to Musæus, pp. 33-4)*

4. Certesse of Goddes there is no mo but one,  
Who made the Heauens, and eeke the Earth so  
round ; [embraces  
The dreadfull Sea, which cleaps the same about, clips  
And blustering windes which rayze the waues aloft :  
But we fond men, through folly gon astray,  
Euen to the hurt and damning of our soules,  
Haue set up idols made of wood and stone :  
Thinking, like fooles, by meanes of honoring them  
To giue full well to God His honor due.

*(Sophocles in Cyrillus, p. 36.)*

5. Thou Neptune, and thou Iupiter, and all  
You other Goddes, so wicked are you all,



That if due iustice unto you were doone,  
Both Heauen and temples should be emptie soone.  
(*Euripides*, p. 36.

6. There is but onely one true God, right great and  
euerlasting,  
Almightie and inuisible, Which seeth euery thing,  
But cannot bee beheld Himselfe of any fleshly man.  
(*Oracles of the Sibylles*, p. 38.

7. The self-bred, bred without the helpe of Moother,  
Wife of Himselfe, Whose name no wight can tell,  
Doth dwell in fyre, beyond all reach of thought :  
Of Whome we angelles are the smallest part.  
(*From Lactantius*, p. 39.

8. I am but Phœbus, more of mee ye get not at my  
hand ;  
It is as little in my mynd as I can understand.  
(*Porphyrius*, p. 39.

9. Apollo is not of that mynd ; beware  
How thou dost deale : he is too strong for thee :  
For God it is that makes him undertake  
This enterprize, and doth the same mayntayne,—



Euen God, I tell thee, under Whom both heauen  
And Earth and Sea and euery thing therein,  
And Phœbus eke, and Hell itselfe, doth quake.

(*Ibid.* p. 39.

10. Wee feends, which haunt both Sea and Land  
through all the world so wide,  
Do tremble at the whip of God, Which all the  
world doth guide.

(*Ibid.* p. 39.

11. First God, and next the Word, and then their Sprite,  
Which three be One and ioyne in One al Three :  
Their force is endlesse : get thee hence, frail wight ;  
The man of life unknowne excelleth thee.

(*The Oracles*, p. 83.

12. Unhappie Priest, demaund not me, the least  
And meanest Feend, concerning that diuine  
Begetter, and the deere and onely Sonne  
Of that renowned King, nor of his Spirit,  
Conteining all things plenteously, throughout  
Hilles, brookes, sea, land, hell, ayre and lightsome  
fire.

Now wo is me, for from this house of mine

That spirit will me driue within a while ;  
 So as this Temple, where men's destenies  
 Are now foretold, shall stand all desolate.

(*The Oracles*, p. 83.

XXVIII. *From Constable's 'Diana.'* 1594.<sup>5</sup>

W<sup>O</sup>E to mine eyes, the organs of my ill,  
 Hate to my heart for not concealing ioy ;  
 A double curse vpon my tongue be still,  
 Whose babling lost what els I might enioy.  
 When first mine eyes did with thy beauty toy,  
 They to my hart thy wondrous virtues told,  
 Who, fearing least thy beames should him destroy,  
 What ere he knew did to my tongue unfold.  
 My teltale tongue, in talking over bold  
 What they in private counsell did declare,  
 To thee in plaine and publique tearmes vnrould,  
 And so by that made thee more coyer farre.  
 What in thy praise he spoake that didst thou trust,  
 And yet my sorrowes thou doost hold vniust.

<sup>5</sup> With reference to Constable's *Diana* (1594), in Dec. iii. st. x. occurs the present—which is the only one, beyond the ten therein known to be his—which has a smack of Sidney. I therefore have given it place among these 'Pansies.'



IV. FROM  
THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE'S  
ARCADIA.

VOL. II.

F



## NOTE.

For reasons stated in the Preface (vol. 1.), the text followed in the Poems from 'Arcadia' is that of 1613; but throughout I have had before me those of 1590, 1593, 1598, 1605, 1621, 1623, 1627, 1655, and later. In Notes and Illustrations to the poems in this division such few various readings as seemed noticeable are recorded. No. xxix., which appeared in the 1590 edition of Arcadia, was suppressed in all after-editions. No. lxxviii., which Mr. Collier, in his 'Poetical Decameron' (s.n.), quotes from Harington's Orlando Furioso as 'omitted in the folio Arcadias,' does occur in the edition of 1598 and subsequently. No. xl. is placed among the 'Certaine Sonets,' &c., as well as in the Arcadia itself, in 1605 and other editions. As explained in the places, the two closing pieces of the series are derived from other sources—the last never before printed. We give these Poems in the order of their occurrence in the Arcadia, and as in Astrophel and Stella, and throughout, have furnished headings to those that have none in the original, fetched from the prose context. The Arcadia Poems lose almost nothing by being separated from the prose, albeit the student-reader will occasionally perhaps wish to consult it.

The following is the title-page, &c. of our text (1613), as explained *supra* :

'The Covntesse of Pembrokes Arcadia. Written by Sir Philip Sidney Knight. Now the fovrth time published,

with some new additions. London Imprinted by H. L. for *Mathew Lownes*, 1613,' within a wood-cut border, introducing the Sidney 'Boar' (*bis*), with the motto, 'Spiro non tibi.' Title-page and Epistle of H. S. (unpaged), two leaves; *Arcadia*, pp. 1-471; *Certaine Sonets*, pp. 472-490; *The Defence of Poesie*, pp. 491-518; *Astrophel and Stella*, pp. 519-569; *Maske*, pp. 570-575.

In connection with the 'Arcadia,' the "Shakesperian Parallelisms. chiefly illustrative of the *Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, collected from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. By Eliza W. West, 1865," (10 copies only preserved), is worthy of record. In the British Museum are German translations of the *Arcadia* (poems included), 1630 and 1643, by Merian. Southey writes, 'In reading *Amadis de Green* I have found Spenser's *Mask of Cupid* and Sir Philip Sidney's *Zelmane* and *Sh. Florigel*' (*Brydges' Restituta*, ii. p. 271). G.

.

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE'S  
'ARCADIA.'

1. *Mopsa*.<sup>1</sup>

WHAT length of verse can serue braue Mopsa's good  
to show,

When vertues strange, and beauties' such as no man  
them may know?<sup>2</sup>

Thus shrewdly burdened then, how can my Muse escape?  
The gods must helpe, and precious things must serue  
to shew her shape.

Like great god Saturne faire, and like faire Venus  
chaste ; 5  
As smooth as Pan, as Iuno mild, like goddesse Iris fac't ;

<sup>1</sup> Cf. 'Remedie for Love' in present set of poems, No. lxxviii.  
'Brave Mopsa' here, as elsewhere, is satirically and humorously  
described.

<sup>2</sup> Construction is, When virtues [are] strange, and beauties  
[are] such. . . .



With Cupid she foresees, and goes god Vulcan's pace,  
And for a taste of all these gifts, she steales god Mo-  
mus' grace :

Her forehead iacinth like, her cheeks of opall hue,  
Her twinkling eyes bedect with pearle,<sup>3</sup> her lips as sa-  
phir blew ; 10  
Her haire like crapal stone,<sup>4</sup> her mouth O heauenly  
wide ;

<sup>3</sup> 'bedect with pearle,' i.e. with those whitish vesicles seen on the edges of the eyelids of weak and blear-eyed people.

<sup>4</sup> 'crapal-stone.' Neither this nor crapal appears in our English Dictionaries or Glossaries. It means toad-stone, from the mediæval Latin crapollus and crapauldus: Fr. crapaud. Cotgrave gives Crapaudine, the stone Chelonitis, or the Toad-stone. Chelonitis, says Pliny (N. H. xxxvii. 10), is so called, because it is like the tortoise; and the older English-Latin dictionaries say it is like tortoiseshell—Ryder excepted, who calls it a stone of a green colour. Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, comes to the compromise that the very rare and light-coloured stone so called is but a thickening of one of the bones of the toad's skull, but that the common kind are mere minerals called and sold as toad-stone for the sake of gain (b. iii. c. 13). It was supposed to have magical virtues in the way of divination and allaying storms (Pliny); medicinally, by gently stroking, 'it taketh away the swelling inflammation or paine from any wound made by venomous creatures, and presently draweth out the poison' (Lovell, *History of Animals and Minerals*). 'A toad being shewn a true toad-stone will, out of envy and spite to mankind, endeavour to swallow it' (*ib.*); at least this was affirmed and believed.

Her skin like burnisht gold, her hands like siluer vre  
untride;<sup>5</sup>

As for her parts vnknowne, which hidden sure are  
best,

Happy be they which well beleeeue, and neuer seeke  
the rest. (p. 11.)

## II. *Pyrocles*.

TRANSFORM'D in shew, but more transform'd in  
mind,

I cease to striue, with double conquest foilde;  
For (wo is me) my powers all I find

<sup>5</sup> '*silver vre untride*.' The operations being similar, to 'try' meant not only to assay, but to melt, and the meaning of the simile will be explained by this from Pliny (Holland's N. H. b. xxxiii. c. 6): "neither [in silver mines] is there any shew at all of siluer to giue light thereof. . . . no sparkes shining like as there be in gold mines, which direct us to it. The earth that engendereth the veine of siluer is in one place reddish, in another of a dead ash color. But this is a generall rule, that it is not possible to melt and *trie* our siluer ore, but either with lead or the veine and ore of lead."

Verbally it may be noted that our text (1613) spells in l. 6 'fas't,' and l. 7, 'pase.' We adopt 'fac't' and 'pace' from later editions.

With outward force and inward treason spoilde.  
 For from without came to mine eyes the blow, 5  
 Whereto mine inward thoughts did faintly yeeld ;  
 Both these conspir'd poore Reason's ouerthrow :  
 False in my selfe, thus haue I lost the field.  
 Thus are my eyes still captiue to one sight,  
 Thus all my thoughts are slaues to one thought still, 10  
 Thus Reason to his seruants yeelds his right,  
 Thus is my power transformèd to your will :  
 What maruell then I take a woman's hue,  
 Since what I see, thinke, know, is all but you ? <sup>6</sup>  
(p. 43.)

III. *Musidorus.*<sup>7</sup>

COME shepheard's weeds, become your Master's  
 minde,  
 Yeeld outward shew, what inward change be tryes ;

<sup>6</sup> 'all but you' is an ambiguous phrase to our ears, but the meaning is, 'all [of it] only you'; *i.e.* all that I see, &c. is you only.

<sup>7</sup> Thomson adopts the name in Musidora of the *Seasons*. Line 2, 'What': latter half of first line shows that 'what' is not = whatever, but is [of or according to] *that* inward change that he tries. In other instances, we find 'what' where we should use 'that.'

Nor be abasht, since such a guest you finde,  
 Whose strongest hope in your weake comfort lyes.  
 Come shepheard's weeds, attend my wofull cryes. 5  
 Disuse your selues from sweet Menalcas' voyce ;  
 For other be those tunes which sorrow tyes,  
 From those cleere notes which freely may reioyce.  
 Then poure out plaint, and in one word say this :—  
 Helplesse his plaint, who spoiles himselfe of blisse.  
 (p. 65.) 10

iv. *Dametas.*

NOW thankèd be the great god Pan,  
 Which thus preserues my louèd life :  
 Thankèd be I that keepe a man,  
 Who ended hath this bloudie strife :  
 For if my man must praises haue, 5  
 What then must I that keepe the knaue ? servant  
 For as the Moone the eye doth please,  
 With gentle beames not hurting sight ;  
 Yet hath Sir Sunne the greatest praise,  
 Because from him doth come her light : 10  
 So if my man must praises haue,  
 What then must I that keepe the knaue ? (p. 70.)

v. *Song and Dance.*

WE loue, and have our loues rewarded.

*The others would answer :*

We loue, and are no whit regarded.

*The first againe :*

We find most sweet affection's<sup>8</sup> snare.

*With like tune it should be as in a quire  
sent backe againe :*

That sweet but sowre despaireful care.

*A third time likewise thus :*

Who can despaire, whom hope doth beare ?

*The answer :*

10

And who can hope that feeles despaire ?

*Then all ioyning their voyces, and dauncing  
a faster measure, they would conclude  
with some such words :*

As without breath no pipe doth moue,

No musicke kindly without loue. (p. 73.) 15

<sup>8</sup> Our text (1613) misprints 'affection,' and in st. vi., l. 31, drops 'is.'

VI *Thyrsis and Dorus.*

## THYRSIS.

COME, Dorus, come ; let songs thy sorrowes signifie,  
 And if for want of vse thy mind ashamèd is,  
 That verie shame with Loue's high title dignifie.  
 No stile is held for base where loue well namèd is :  
 Each eare sucks vp the words a true-loue scattereth, 5  
 And plaine speech oft, than quaint phrase better framèd  
 is.

## DORUS.

Nightingales seldome sing, the pie still chattereth,  
 The wood cries<sup>9</sup> most before it throughly kindled be,  
 Deadly wounds inward bleed, each slight sore matter-  
 eth ; 9  
 Hardlie they heard which by good hunters singlèd  
 be : herd  
 Shallow brookes<sup>1</sup> murmur most, deepe silent slide away ;  
 Nor true-loue loues his loues with others mingled be.

<sup>9</sup> 'wood cries' = green full-juiced wood, which emits a 'cry' or sound as the fire lays hold of it. Line 9, 'mattereth' = maketh matter or pus, becomes a purulent sore. See Johnson, *s.n.*

<sup>1</sup> 'Shallow brookes murmur most, deepe silent glide away.' A commonplace from Seneca (*Hippol.* ii. 3. 607): 'Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent'—'Light griefs are noisy, great strike us dumb.' Raleigh (as others) has finely used it :

## THYRSIS.

If thou wilt not be seene, thy face go hide away,  
 Be none of vs, or els maintaine our fashion ;  
 Who frownes at others' feasts doth better bide away. 15  
 But if thou hast a loue, in that loue's passion,<sup>2</sup>  
 I challenge thee by shew of her perfection,  
 Which of vs two deserueth most compassion.

## DORUS.

Thy challenge great, but greater my protection :  
 Sing then, and see (for now thou hast inflamèd me) 20  
 Thy health too meane a match for my infection.  
 No, though the heau'ns for high attempts haue blamèd  
 me,  
 Yet high is my attempt. O Muse, historifie<sup>3</sup>  
 Her praise, whose praise, to learn your skill hath framèd  
 me.

'Passions are likned best to flouds and streams ;  
 The shallow murmure, but the deepe are dumb ;  
 So when affections yield discourse, it seems

The bottome is but shallowe whence they come.'  
 (*Silent Lover* : Dr. Hannah's Courtly Poets, p. 20.) So, too, the  
 Earl of Stirling, as before (p. 7) :

'The deepest riuers make least din,  
 The silent soule doth most abound in care.'

<sup>2</sup> 'in that loue's passion' = and are so passionate for her, as you  
 have just intimated. <sup>3</sup> 'historifie' = to relate, to record in history.  
 'Matters have been more truly historified' (Browne ; Bailey, *s.n.*).

## THYRSIS.

Muse, hold your peace : but thou my god Pan glorifie 25  
 My Kala's gifts, who with all good gifts fillèd is ;  
 Thy pipe, O Pan, shall helpe, though I sing sorily.  
 A heape of sweets she is, where nothing spillèd is ;  
 Who, though she be no bee, yet full of honey is ;  
 A lilly field, with plough of rose which tillèd is ; 30  
 Milde as a lambe, more daintie then a conie <sup>4</sup> is ;  
 Her eyes my eye-sight is ; her conuersation  
 More glad to me then to a miser money is. than  
 What coy account she makes of estimation !  
 How nice to touch ! how all her speeches poised  
 be ! poised  
 A nymph thus turn'd, but mended in translation. 36

## DORUS.

Such Kala is : but ah my fancies raisèd be  
 In one, whose name to name were high presumption,  
 Since vertues all, to make her title, pleasèd be :  
 O happie Gods, which by inward assumption 40  
 Enioy her soule, in bodie's faire possession ;

<sup>4</sup> 'conie' = a rabbit, a beast of warren : Sp. conejo ; Fr. connil ;  
 Lat. cuniculus. See Wright's *Bible Word-Book*, s.n.



And keepe it ioyn'd, fearing your seate's consumption.  
 How oft with raine of teares skies make confession,  
 Their dwellers rapt with sight of her perfection,  
 From heau'nly throne to her heau'n vse digression ! 45  
 Of best things then what world shall yeeld confection  
 To liken<sup>s</sup> her? decke yours with your comparison :  
 She is her selfe of best things the collection.

## THYRSIS.

How oft my dolefull Sire cride to me, Tarie, sonne,  
 When first he spied my loue ! how oft he said to me, 50  
 Thou art no souldier fit for Cupid's garrison !  
 My sonne, keepe this, that my long toyle hath layd to  
 me :—  
 Loue well thine owne ; me think, wool's whitnesse pass-  
 eth all :  
 I neuer found long loue such wealth hath payd to me.—  
 This wind he spent : but when my Kala glasseth<sup>6</sup> all 55

<sup>s</sup> 'liken' = deck your [love or mistress] with, &c.

<sup>6</sup> 'glasseth.' 'To glass, v. act 1. To see as in a glass, to represent as in a mirrour' (Bailey, s. n. See after-references to use of 'glasse' by Sidney). The Earl of Stirling also has it, e.g.

'Well may my loue come glasse herself in me.'

(Works. vol. i. p. 51.)

My sight in her faire limmes, I then assure my selfe,  
 Not rotten sheepe, but high crownes she surpasseth all.  
 Can I be poore, that her gold haire procure my selfe ?  
 Want I white wool, whose eyes her white skin garn-  
                   ishèd ?  
 Till I get her, shall I to keepe inure my selfe ?       60

DORUS.

How oft, when Reason saw loue of her harnishèd  
 With armour of my heart, he cryed, O vanitie  
 To set a pearle in steele so meanelie varnishèd !  
 Looke to thy selfe, reach not beyond humanitie ;  
 Her minde, beames, state, farre from thy weake wings  
                   banishèd :   65  
 And loue which loue hurts is inhumanitie.  
 Thus Reason said : but she came, Reason vanishèd ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Her eyes so maistering me, that such obiection  
 Seem'd but to spoile the foode of thoughts long fam-  
                   ishèd ;<sup>8</sup>

' Glasseth ' recalls Byron's employment of it in his *Apostrophe to the Ocean* (*Childe Harold*, c. iv. st. clxxxiii.), as follows :

' Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests . . . '

<sup>7</sup> Cf. *Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnet xlvii. vol. i. p. 32.

<sup>8</sup> Query—' such objection was as nothing, for to rob famished

Her peerelesse height my minde to high erection 70  
 Drawes up ; and if hope failing end life's pleasure,  
 Of fairer death how can I make election ?

## THYRSIS.

Once my well-waiting eyes espied my treasure,  
 With sleeues turn'd vp, loose haire, and breast enlarged,<sup>9</sup>  
 Her father's corne, mowing her faire limmes, measure.  
 O, cried I, of so meane worke be dischargèd : 76  
 Measure my case how by thy beauties filling  
 With seed of woes my heart brimfull is chargèd.  
 Thy father bids thee saue, and chids for spilling ;  
 Saue then my soule, spill not my thoughts well heapèd,  
 No louely praise was euer got by killing. 81  
 These bold words she did beare ; this fruit I reapèd,

thoughts of their food may mean robs them of what they have not.' Yet the thought is forced, and though 'spoil' is used generally, if not always, in Sidney's poetry to mean rob or despoil, a more probable meaning would seem to be that the objection of reason, that she is one beyond him, has but the effect when she is present of giving an ill-relishing savour to that presence which is as the food of his long-famished thoughts.

<sup>9</sup> i. e., freed, here = bare. "*Enlarge* the man committed yesterday" (Henry V. act ii. sc. 2).

That she, whose looke alone might make me blessèd,  
Did smile on me, and then away she leapèd.

DORUS.

Once, O sweet once, I saw with dread oppressèd 85  
Her whom I dread ; so that with prostrate lying,  
Her length the earth Loue's chiefe clothing dressèd.  
I saw that riches <sup>10</sup> fall, and fell a crying :—  
Let not dead earth enioy so deare a couer,  
But decke therewith my soule for your sake dying ; 90  
Lay all your feare upon your fearfull louer :  
Shine, eyes, on me, that both our liues be guardèd :  
So I your sight, you shall your selues recouer.  
I cried, and was with open rayes rewardèd :  
But straight they fled, summond by cruell honour,—  
Honour, the cause desert is not regardèd. 96

THYRSIS.

This maide, thus made for ioyes, O Pan, bemone her,  
That without loue she spends her yeares of loue :  
So faire a field would well become an owner ;  
And if enchantment can a hard heart moue, 100

<sup>10</sup> 'that riches': example of 'riches' (as then used) in the singular.

Teach me what circle <sup>1</sup> may acquaint her sprite,  
 Affection's charmes in my behalfe to proue.  
 The circle is my round-about-her sight,  
 The power I will inuoke dwels in her eyes :  
 My charmes should be,—she haunt me day and night.

DORUS.

Farre other case, O Muse, my sorrow tries,                    106  
 Bent to such one in whom my selfe must say,  
 Nothing can mend one point that in her lies.  
 What circle then in so rare force beares sway,  
 Whose sprite all sprites can foile, raise, damne or saue ?  
 No charme holds her, but well possesse she may,            111  
 Possesse she doth, and makes my soule her slaue,  
 My eyes the bands, my thoughts the fatall knot :  
 No thrall<sup>2</sup> like them that inward bondage haue.

THYRSIS.

Kala, at length conclude my lingring lot ;    =end    115  
 Disdaine me not, although I be not faire :  
 Who is an heire of manie hundreth sheepe,

<sup>1</sup> '*what circle may acquaint*': an astrological-cabalistical allusion.

<sup>2</sup> '*thrall*' = in the power of another : hence '*thralldom*' = bondage or servitude.

Doth beauties keepe which neuer sunne can burne,  
 Nor stormes doe turne : fairenesse serues oft to wealth.  
 Yet all my health I place in your good will, 120  
 Which if you will—O do—bestow on me :  
 Such as you see, such still you shall me find,  
 Constant and kind ; my sheepe your food shall breed,  
 Their wooll your weed,<sup>3</sup> I will you musicke yeeld  
 In flowrie field ; and as the day begins, 125  
 With twentie ginnes we will the small birds take,  
 And pastimes make, as Nature things hath made ;  
 But when in shade we meet of myrtle bowes,  
 Then Loue allowes our pleasures to enrich,  
 The thought of which doth passe all worldly pelfe. 130

## DORUS.

Ladie, your selfe, whom neither name I dare, .  
 And titles are but spots to such a worth,  
 Heare plaints come forth from dungeon of my mind ;  
 The noblest kind reiects not others' woes.  
 I haue no shewes of wealth : my wealth is you, 135  
 My beautie's hew your beames, my health your deeds ;  
 My minde for weeds your vertues' liuerie weares,

<sup>3</sup> 'weed': still used as in 'a widow's weeds'=a widow's mourning dress.

My foode is teares, my tunes waymenting<sup>4</sup> yeeld,  
 Despaire my field, the flowers spirits' warres ;  
 My day new cares ; my ginnes my daily sight, 140  
 In which do light small birds of thoughts orethrowne :  
 My pastimes none, time passeth<sup>5</sup> on my fall  
 Nature made all, but me of dolours made :  
 I finde no shade, but where my sunne doth burne,  
 No place to turne ; without, within, it fries : 145  
 Nor helpe by life or death, who liuing dies.

## THYRSIS.

But if my Kala thus my sute denies,  
 Which so much reason beares :  
 Let crowes picke out mine eyes, which too much saw.  
 If she still hate Loue's law, 150  
 My earthly mould doth melt in watrie teares.

<sup>4</sup> 'waymenting.' 'Wayment' is an old form of 'lament' or 'layment.' Spenser has it several times, e.g. 'What bootes it to wepe and to wayment' (F. Q. b. i. 16). See also the Ruines of Time, l. 390; Teares of the Muses, l. 355. So too Drayton. In later editions of 'Arcadia' the word is changed to 'lamenting.'

<sup>5</sup> 'passeth.' The word is here used in a sense not given in Johnson. To pass = to go beyond, to exceed ('Why, this passes Master Ford': Merry Wives of Windsor, act iv. sc. 2) = therefore to exceed moderation in the form of exulting.

DORUS.

My earthly mould doth melt in watrie teares,  
And they againe resolute  
To aire of sighes, sighes to the hart's fire turne, heart's  
Which doth to ashes burne. 155  
Thus doth my life within it selfe dissolve.

THYRSIS.

Thus doth my life within it selfe dissolve,  
That I grow like the beast,  
Which beares the bit a weaker force doth guide,  
Yet patient must abide : 160  
Such weight it hath which once is full possess.

DORUS.

Such weight it hath which once is full possess,  
That I become a vision,  
Which hath in others' head his onely being,  
And liues in fancie seeing.  
O wretched state of man in selfe-diuisiō !

THYRSIS.

O wretched state of man in selfe-diuisiō !  
O well thou sayest ! a feeling declaration  
Thy tongue hath made, of Cupid's deepe incision.  
But now hoarse voice doth faile this occupation, 170



And others long to tell their loues' condition :  
Of singing thou hast got the reputation.

DORUS.

Of singing thou hast got the reputation,  
Good Thyrsis mine, I yeeld to thy abilitie ;  
My heart doth seeke another estimation. 175  
But ah my Muse, I would thou hadst facilitie  
To worke my goddesses so by thy inuention,  
On<sup>6</sup> me to cast those eyes where shine nobilitie,  
Seene and vnknowne ; heard, but without attention.<sup>7</sup>  
(pp. 74-8.)

<sup>6</sup> 178-9, *i. e.* to cast on me, who am now seene and unknowne, &c.

<sup>7</sup> The varying verse-construction of this Eclogue deserves notice as illustrating the conceitful fancies of the times. The rhyme of the greater part is in threes, or what may be termed enchainèd triplets. At first the verse is Alexandrine in answers of six, then in answers of twelve. Then after l. 72 the verse is of eleven syllables or five iambs and a half, in answers of twelve lines ; and then after l. 96 it becomes decasyllabic in answers of nine ; and it will be observed that the measures are made here and elsewhere to glide the one into the other. After l. 114, or rather l. 115, there is a division by rhyme of the heroic verse into rhyming couplets of three and two feet alternately ; and according to ordinary usage these would be so printed, though both here and onward, Sidney seems to have chosen to keep the lines unbroken.

VII. *Dorus playing on the Lute* (Elegiacke).<sup>8</sup>

FORTUNE, Nature, Loue, long haue contended  
about me,

Which should most miseries cast on a worme that I  
am.

Fortune thus'gan say: miserye and misfortune is all one,

After answers of sixteen lines each there begins at l. 147 heroic measure alternated with three-feet iambics, the heroics in rhymes of threes, and the others in couplets, and the answers are in the form of what was called the Corona or crown (see onward, p. 192, and our edition of DR. DONNE, vol. ii. pp. 276-81), where each begins with the last line of the other, though here it is so far different that the last line of all does not repeat the commencing line and so complete the linking. After twenty lines of this in answers of four lines each, come thirteen lines in answers of six and seven, which continue the repeating or crown form, but return to the Alexandrine length and to somewhat irregular rhymes. Perhaps these last were never elaborated to the full.

<sup>8</sup> Dorus playing on the Lute, p. 14. L. 9, 'adusted' = burnt, dried up. See Penshurst and Wilton Pansies: 'My Mistress lowers,' and note. Line 12, 'Hëräcltüs.' Here, again, a classical name is pronounced, not according to its original quantities, but with its English accentuation. See 'Amphion' in *Astrophel and Stella*, Song iii. l. 4 and relative note. In l. 3 I have placed (') after 'misery,' to indicate an elision required by the scansion. In l. 11 it is doubtful whether Sidney scanned 'Love smi | lèd and thus,' or 'Love smil'd | and thus.' In l. 16 is an elision, 'Her vir | tue is sove | raigne.'

And of misfortune Fortune hath onely the gift. 4  
 With strong foes on land, on sea with contrarie tempests,  
 Still doe I crosse this wretch, what so he taketh in  
 hand.

Tush, tush, said Nature, this is all but a trifle ; a man's  
 selfe

Giues haps or mishaps, eu'n as he ordereth his heart.  
 But so his humor I frame, in a mould of choler adusted,  
 That the delights of life shall be to him dolorous. 10  
 Loue smiled, and thus said : Want ioyn'd to desire is  
 vnhappy ;

But if he nought doe desire, what can Heraclitus  
 aile ?

None but I workes by desire : by desire haue I kindled  
 in his soule

Infernall agonies into a beautie diuine :  
 Where thou, poore Nature, left'st all thy due glorie, to  
 Fortune 15

Her vertue is soueraigne, Fortune a vassall of hers.  
 Nature abasht went backe : Fortune blusht : yet she  
 replide thus :

And eu'n in that loue shall I reserue him a spite.  
 Thus, thus, alas, wofull by Nature, vnhappy by Fortune,  
 But most wretched I am, now Loue awakes my de-  
 sire. (p. 78.) 20

### VIII. *Zelmane* (Saphikes).

**I**F mine eyes can speake to doe heartie errand,  
Or mine eyes' language she doe hap to iudge of,  
So that eyes' message be of her receiuèd,  
Hope, we doe liue yet.  
But if eyes faile then when I most doe need them,      5  
Or if eyes' language be not vnto her knowne,  
So that eyes' message doe returne reiectèd,  
Hope, we do both die.  
Yet dying and dead, doe we sing her honour ;  
So become our tombes monuments of her praise,      10  
So becomes our losse the triumph of her gaine ;  
Hers be the glorie.  
If the spheares senselesse doe yet hold a musique,  
If the swan's sweete voice be not heard but at death,  
If the mute timber when it hath the life lost      15  
Yeeldeth a lute's tune ;  
Are then humane mindes priuiledg'd so meanly,  
As that hatefull Death can abridge them of powre  
With the vowe of truth to record to all worlds  
That we be her spoiles ?      20  
Thus, not ending, ends the due praise of her praise :  
Fleshly vaile consumes ; but a soule hath his life,  
Which is held in loue ; loue it is that hath ioyned  
Life to this our soule.

But if eyes can speake to do hearty errand, 25  
 Or mine eyes' language she doth hap to iudge of,  
 So that eyes' message be of her receiuèd,  
 Hope, we doe liue yet. (pp. 78-9.)

ix. *Dorus and Zelmane.*

DORUS.

LADY, reserued by the heau'ns to doe pastors' com-  
 panie honor, shepherds  
 Ioyning your sweete voyce to the rurall Muse of a de-  
 sert,  
 Here you fully doe finde this strange operation of loue,  
 How to the woods Loue runnes, as well as rides to the  
 pallace,  
 Neither he beares reuerence to a prince nor pittie to  
 begger, 5  
 But (like a point in midst of a circle) is still of a neere-  
 nesse,  
 All to a lesson he draws, neither hills nor caues can  
 auoide him.

ZELMANE.

Worthy sheepheard, by my song, to my selfe all fauour  
 is hapnèd,

That to the sacred Muse my annoyes somewhat be re-  
uealèd,—

Sacred Muse, who in one contains what nine doe in  
all them. 10

But, O happy be you, which safe from firy reflection  
Of Phoebus' violence, in shade of sweet Cyparissus,  
Or pleasant myrtell, may teach th' vnfortunate Eccho  
In these woods to resound the renownmèd<sup>9</sup> name of a  
goddesse.

Happy be you that may to the saint, your onely Idea, 15  
Although simply attyrde, your manly affection vtter.

Happy be those mishapps which iustly proportion hold-  
ing,

Giue right sound to the eares, and enter aright to the  
iudgement ;

But wretched be the soules, which vaild<sup>1</sup> in a contrarie  
subiect :

<sup>9</sup> '*renoumed*': through the French, *renommé*—famous.

<sup>1</sup> '*vaild*' = [are or be] vaild: l. 24, the construction seems to be 'We do seem to rebel against Nature, [and so] seem fools in a vain sute.'

How much more we doe loue, so the lesse our loues be  
beleueèd. 20

What skill salueth a sore of a wrong infirmitie iudgèd ?  
What can iustice auaille to a man that tells not his owne  
case ?

You though feares do abash, in you still possible hopes  
be :

Nature against we doe seeme to rebell, seeme fooles in  
a vaine sute.

But so, vnheard, condemn'd, kept thence we doe seeke  
to abide in, 25

Selfe-lost in wandring, banished that place we doe come  
from,

What meane is there, alas, we can hope our losse to re-  
couer ?

What place is there left, we may hope our woes to re-  
comfort ?

Vnto the heau'ns ? our wings be too short : earth thinkes  
vs a burden :

Aire we doe still with sighes encrease : to the fire ? we  
doe want none. 30

And yet his outward heat our teares would quench, but  
an inward

Fire no liquor can coole : Neptune's realme would not  
availe vs,

Happy shepherd, with thanks to the Gods, still thinke  
to be thankfull,  
That to thy aduancement their wisdomes haue thee  
abased.

DORUS.

Vnto the Gods with a thankfull heart all thanks I  
doe render, 35  
That to my aduancement their wisdomes haue me  
abased.

But yet, alas ! O but yet alas ! our haps be but hard  
haps,  
Which must frame contempt to the fittest purchase of  
honor.

Well may a pastor plaine ; but, alas, his plaints be not  
esteem'd :

Silly shepherd's poore pipe, when his harsh sound  
testifies anguish, 40

Into the faire looker-on, pastime, not passion, enters.  
And to the woods or brookes, who doe make such  
dreerie recital ?

What be the panges they beare, and whence those  
pangs be deriuèd,

Pleased to receiue that name by rebounding answer of  
Eccho, 44



May hope thereby to ease their inward horrible anguish,  
When trees dance to the pipe, and swift streames stay  
by the musicke, tarry  
Or when an Eccho begins vn mou'd to sing them a loue-  
song ;  
Say then, what vantage do we get by the trade of a  
pastor ?—  
Since no estates be so base, but Loue vouchsafeth his  
arrow,  
Since no refuge doth serue from wounds we do carrie  
about with vs, 50  
Since outward pleasures be but halting helps to decayed  
soules ;—  
Saue that dayly we may discerne what fire we do burne  
in.  
Farre more happy be you, whose gratnesse gets a free  
accesse ;  
Whose faire bodily gifts are fram'd most louelie to each  
eye ;  
Vertue you haue, of vertue you haue left prooffe to the  
whole world, 55  
And vertue is gratefull, with beautie and richnesse  
adornèd :  
Neither doubt you a whit, time will your passion vtter.

Hardly remains fire hid, where skill is bent to the  
hiding,  
But in a minde that would his flames should not be re-  
pressèd,  
Nature worketh enough with a small helpe for the re-  
uealing : 60  
Giue therefore to the Muse great praise, in whose verie  
likenesse  
You doe approach to the fruit your only desires be to  
gather.

## ZELMANE.

First shall fertill grounds not yeeld increase of a good  
seed :  
First the riuers shall cease to repay their fluidds to the  
Ocean :  
First may a trustie greyhound transforme himselfe to a  
tigre : 65  
First shall vertue be vice, and beautie be counted a  
blemish,  
Ere that I leaue with song of praise her praise to so-  
lemnize,—  
Her praise, whence to the world all praise hath his only  
beginning :  
But yet well I do finde each man most wise in his owne  
case.

None can speake of a wound with skill, if he haue not  
a wound felt. 70

Great to thee my state seemes, thy state is blest by my  
iudgement :

And yet neither of vs great or blest deemeth his owne  
selfe.

For yet (weigh this, alas !) great is not great to the  
greater.

What, iudge you, doth a hillocke shew by the lofty  
Olympus ?

Such my minute greatnes doth seeme compar'd to the  
greatest. 75

When cedars to the ground fall downe by the waight  
of an emmot,<sup>2</sup>

Or when a rich rubie's iust price be the worth of a  
walnut,

Or to the sunne for wonders seeme small sparkes of a  
candle :

Then by my high cedar, rich rubie, and only-shining  
sunne,

Vertue, riches, beauties of mine shall great be re-  
puted. 80

<sup>2</sup> = emmet, an ant or pismire.

Oh, no, no, worthie shepheard, worth can neuer enter  
a title,<sup>3</sup>

Where proofes iustlie do teach, thus matcht, such worth  
to be nought worth,

Let not a puppet abuse thy sprite, kings' crownes doe  
not helpe them

From the cruell head-ache, nor shooes of gold doe the  
gowte heale : 84

And precious couches full oft are shak't with a feauer.  
If then a bodily euill in a bodily gloze be not hidden,  
Shall such morning deawes be an ease to the heat of a  
loue's fire? lover's

DORUS.

O glittering miseries of man, if this be the fortune  
Of those fortune's lulls, so small rests rests in a king-  
dome !

What maruaile tho' a prince transforme himselfe to a  
pastor, 90

Come from marble bowres, manie times the gay harbor  
of anguish,

<sup>3</sup> 'a title.' Our text (1613) misprints 'little': misdrops one  
'no.'

Vnto a silly caban, thought weake, yet stronger against  
woes.

Now by thy words I begin, most famous ladie, to gather  
Comfort into my soule ; I do find, I do find what a  
blessing

Is chauncèd to my life, that from such muddie abund-  
ance 95

Of carking<sup>4</sup> agonies (to states which still be adherent)  
Destinie keeps me aloofe ; for if all this state, to thy  
vertue

Ioynd, by thy beautie adorn'd, be no meanes these  
griefes to abolish :

If neyther by that helpe thou canst clime vp to thy  
fancie,

Nor yet fancie so drest do receiue more plausible hear-  
ing : 100

Then doe I thinke, indeed, that better it is to be pri-  
uate

<sup>4</sup> 'carking': 'cark,' a word often found with 'care,' and of a similar though perhaps stronger meaning. It is often used for anxiety. Here it is = not only anxious, but wearying and wearing agonies causing both anxiety and pain. Burns has the word in his *Cotter's Saturday Night*, e. g.

'Does a' [all] his weary carking cares beguile.'

In sorrowe's torments, then, tied to the pompes of a  
pallace, than  
Nurse inward maladies, which haue not scope to be  
breath'd out,  
But perforce digest all bitter ioyces of horror juices  
In silence, from a man's owne selfe with companie  
robbèd. by 105  
Better yet doe I liue, that though by my thoughts I be  
plungèd  
Into my liue's bondage, yet may I disburden a passion,  
Opprest with ruinous conceits, by the helpe of an out-  
crye.  
Not limited to a whispering note, the lament of a cour-  
tier,  
But sometimes to the woods, sometimes to the heau'n  
do decyphire 110  
With bold clamor vnheard, vnmarkt, what I seeke, what  
I suffer ;  
And when I meete these trees, in the earth's faire  
liuery clothèd,  
Ease I do feele (such ease as falls to one wholly diseasèd<sup>s</sup>)

<sup>5</sup> 'diseased' = not at ease, troubled. See our PHINEAS FLETCHER and other of the Fuller Worthies' Library: Glossaries, s. v.

For that I finde in them part of my state represented.  
Lawrell shews what I seeke, by the mirre is show'd  
how I seeke it ; myrrh 115  
Oliue paints me the peace that I must aspire to by the  
conquest ;  
Mirtel makes my request,—my request is crown'd with  
a willowe ;  
Cyprus promiseth helpe, but a helpe where comes no  
recomfort ;  
Swet iuniper saith this, though I burne, yet I burne  
in a sweet fire ;  
Ewe doth make me thinke what kinde of bowe the boy  
holdeth Yew 120  
Which shootes strongly without any noyse, and deadly  
without smart ;  
Firre trees great and greene, fixt on a hye hill but a  
barrein,  
Like to my noble thoughts, still new, well plac'd, to  
me frutelesse ;  
Figge<sup>6</sup> that yeeldes most pleasant fruite, his shadow is  
hurtfull ;

<sup>6</sup> 'Figge . . . shadow is hurtful.' I can find no confirmation of this anywhere.

Thus be her giftes most sweete, thus more danger to be  
neere her. 125

Now in a palme when I marke how he doth rise vnder  
a burden,

And may I not, say I then, get up, though grieve be so  
weightie?

Pine is a mast to a shippe, to my shippe shall hope for  
a mast serue;

Pine is hye, hope is as hye; sharp-leau'd, sharp yet be  
my hope's buddes. 129

Elme embraste by a vine, embracing fancy reuiueth:

Popler<sup>7</sup> changeth his hew from a rising sunne to a  
setting;

Thus to my sunne do I yeeld, such lookes her beames  
do aforde me.

Olde aged oke cut downe, of new worke serues to the  
building;

So my desires, by my feare cutt downe, be the frames  
of her honour.

Ashe makes speares which shields do resist; her force  
no repulse takes. 135

Palmes doe reioyce to be ioyn'd by the match of a male  
to a female;

<sup>7</sup> 'Popler changeth his hew': so Batman of the 'poplar.'



And shall sensiuē things be so sencelesse as to resist  
sence ?

Thus be my thoughts disperst, thus thinking nurseth a  
thinking,

Thus both trees and each thing else be the bookes of  
a fancy.

But to the cedar, Queene of woods, when I lift my be-  
teard<sup>8</sup> eyes, 140

Then do I shape to my selfe that forme which raigns  
so within me,

And think, there she doth dwell, and heare what  
plaints I do vtter :

When that noble toppe doth nodde, I beleeeue she sa-  
lutes me ;

When by the winde it maketh a noyse, I do thinke she  
doth answer ;

Then kneeling to the ground, oft thus do I speake to  
that image,— 145

Onely iuell, O only iuell, which only deseruest  
That men's harts be thy seate, and endlesse fame be thy  
seruant,

<sup>8</sup> ' *beteard* ' = wet with tears : probably a coinage of Sidney's ;  
but cf. Richardson, *s. v.* : see on l. 173.

O descend for a while from this great height to behold  
me.

But nought els do behold (else is nought worth the be-  
holding)

Saue what a worke by thy selfe is wrought : and since  
I am altred 150

Thus by thy worke, disdaine not that which is by thy  
selfe done.

In meane caues oft treasure abides, to an hostrie a king  
comes ;<sup>9</sup>

And so behind foule clouds full oft faire starres do lie  
hidden.

ZELMANE.

Hardy shepheard, such as thy merits, such may be her  
insight

Iustly to graunt thee reward, such enuie I beare to thy  
fortune. 155

But to my selfe what wish can I make for a salue to  
my sorrowes,

<sup>9</sup> 'to an hostrie a king comes': corrupted from hostelry, the place where horses of guests are kept. Dryden uses it. Is the reference to the anecdote, variously localised, concerning King Alfred and the neat-herd?

Whom both Nature seemes to debarre from meanes to  
be helpèd,  
And if a meane were found, Fortune th' whole course of  
it hinders : <sup>1</sup>  
Thus plagu'd, how can I frame to my sore anie hope of  
amendment ?  
Whence may I shew to my minde any light of possible  
escape ? 160  
Bound, and bound by so noble bands as loth to be vn-  
bound,  
Iaylor I am to my selfe, prison and prisoner to mine  
owne selfe.  
Yet be my hopes thus plact, here fixt liues all my re-  
comfort,  
That that deare Dyamond, where wisdomè holdeth a  
sure seate,  
Whose force had such force so to transforme, nay to  
reforme me, 165  
Will at length perceiue these flames by her beames to  
be kindlèd,

<sup>1</sup> ' *hinders* ' : misprinted later ' *thunders* , ' from repetition of the  
t of ' *it* , ' and the subsequent attempt of the printer to make a word  
out of ' *thinders* . '

And will pittie the wound festred so strangely within  
me.

O be it so, graunt such an euent, O Gods, that euent  
giue,

And for a sure sacrifice I do daily oblation offer  
Of mine owne hart, where thoughts be the temple, sight  
is an aultar. 170

But cease, worthie shepheard, now cease we to wearie  
the hearers

With monefull melodies ; for enough our griefes be re-  
uealèd,

If the parties meant our meanings rightly be-markèd:<sup>2</sup>  
And sorrowes do require some respite vnto the sences.

(pp. 79-83.)

x. *Lamon sings of Strephon and Klaius.*

A SHEPHEARD'S tale no height of stile desires,  
To raise in words what in effect is lowe :  
A plaining song plaine-singing voice requires,

<sup>2</sup> 'be-markèd.' Cf. 'beteard' in l. 140. Usually 'be marked.'  
Query—as 'If the' seems over slight for a spondee, should we  
not insert rather 'If [by] the'?

For warbling notes from inward<sup>3</sup> chearing flowe.  
 I then, whose burd'ned breast but thus aspires                    5  
 Of shepheards two the seely care to show,  
     Need not the stately Muses' helpe inuoke  
     For creeping rimes, which often-sighings choke.  
 But you, O you, that thinke not teares too deare  
 To spend for harms, although they touch you not ;    10  
 And deigne to deeme your neighbours' mischiefe neare,  
 Although they be of meaner parents got :  
 You I inuite with easie eares to heare  
 The poore-clad truth of Loue's wrong-ordred lot.  
     Who may be glad, be glad you be not such ;                    15  
     Who share in woe, weygh others haue as much.  
 There was (O seldome blessed word of was !)<sup>4</sup>  
 A paire of friends, or rather one cald two,  
 Train'd in the life which no short-bitten grasse  
 In shine or storme must set the clowted shoe :                    20

<sup>3</sup> 'inward' is misdropped in later editions, and in l. 6 'cause' misprinted for 'care.' Line 11, 'neare' = nearly affecting you their neighbour and brother.

<sup>4</sup> 'was.' Cf. Lord Falkland on Countess of Huntingdon :

'Such once there was : but let thy griefe appeare,  
 Reader there is not : Huntingdon lies here.'

(Poems, p. 71, our edition.)

He that the other in some yeares did passe,  
 And in those gifts that yeares distribute doe,  
     Was Klaius cald (ah, Klaius, wofull wight !);  
     The later borne—yet too soone—Strephon hight.  
 Epeirus high was honest Klaius' nest,<sup>5</sup> 25  
 To Strephon Æole's land first breathing lent,  
 But East and West were ioin'd by friendship's hest.  
 As Strephon's eare and heart to Klaius bent,  
 So Klaius' soule did in his Strephon rest :  
 Still both their flockes flocking together went, 30  
     As if they would of owners' humour be ;  
     As eke their pipes did well as friends agree :  
 Klaius, for skill of herbs and shepheard's art,  
 Among the wisest was accounted wise ;  
 Yet not so wise as of vnstainèd hart : 35  
 Strephon was yong, yet markt with humble eies  
 How elder rul'd their flockes and cur'd their smart,  
 So that the graue did not his words despise.  
     Both free of mind, both did cleare-dealing loue,  
     And both had skill in verse their voice to moue. 40

<sup>5</sup> '*Klaius nest.*' As Michael Angelo said, 'the *nest* where he was born,' *il nido ove naqu'io*. Line 45, 'larke, with mirror cleare.' See note on Astrophel and Stella, on Sonnet xii. l. 2.

Their chearfull minds, till pois'ned was their cheare,  
 The honest sports of earthy lodging proue ;  
 Now for a clod-like hare in form they peere,      seat, bed  
 Now bolt and cudgill squirrel's leape doe moue.  
 Now the ambitious larke with mirror cleare      45  
 They catch, while he, foole ! to himselfe makes loue :  
     And now at keeles<sup>6</sup> they try a harmeless chaunce,  
     And now their curre they teach to fetch and daunce.  
 When merrie May first earlie cals the morne,  
 With merrie maids a-Maying they do goe ;      50  
 Then doe they pull from sharp and niggard thorne  
 The plentious sweets (can sweets so sharply grow ! ) ;

<sup>6</sup> 'keeles': cayles, &c. A game in various forms, at which pins were set up to be thrown or bowled at. Squailes is a parlour form re-introduced, and the various forms of the word are derived from the French *quilles*—pegs or pins of wood. Line 53, 'greene gownes,' i. e. they are thrown down. The sense often proceeds further. Line 56, 'quintain': quintin. Minsheu deduces it from *quintus*, Lat., and calls it a game celebrated every fifth year: *palus quintanus*, Lat.; *quintaine*, Fr.; an upright post, on the top of which a cross-post turned upon a pin; at one end of the cross-post was a broad board, and at the other a heavy sand-bag; the play was to ride against the broad end with a lance, and pass by before the sand-bag coming round should strike the tilter on the back. See Bailey, under *quintain*: also Strutt's Sports, b. iii. c. 1.

Then some greene gownes are by the lasses worne  
 In chastest plaies, till home they walke a-rowe,  
     While daunce about the May-pole is begun ;      55  
     When, if neede were, they could at quintain run,  
 While thus they ran a low but leaueld race.  
 While thus they liu'd (this was indeede a life),  
 With Nature pleas'd, content with present case,  
 Free of proud feares, braue begg'ry, smiling strife,      60  
 Of clime-fall Court, the enuy-hatching place :  
 While those restlesse desires in great men rife  
     To visite of folkes so low did much disdaine,  
     This while, though poore, they in themselues did  
         raigne,  
 One day (O day, that shin'd to make them darke !)      65  
 While they did ward sunne-beames with shadie bay,  
 And Klaius taking for his yongling carke<sup>7</sup>  
 (Lest greedie eyes to them might challenge lay),  
 Busy with oker did their shoulders marke  
 (His marke a piller was, deuoid of stay,      70  
     As bragging that free of all passions' mone,  
     Well might he others' beare, but leane to none :)

<sup>7</sup> 'carke.' See previous note on ix. l. 96. Line 87, 'peeping'  
 = to cry as sparrows or young chickens: so 'peeper,' below (l.  
 102), is a sparrow, or chick, that has lately broke the egg.



Strephon with leauie twigs of laurell-tree  
 A garlant made on temples for to weare, garland  
 For he then chosen was the dignitie 75  
 Of village-lord that Witsontide to beare,  
 And full, poore foole, of boyish brauerie,  
 With triumphs' shewes would shew he nought did feare.  
     But fore-accounting oft makes builders misse ;  
     They found, they felt, they had no lease of blisse. 80  
 For ere that either had his purpose done,  
 Behold (beholding well it doth deserue),  
 They saw a maid who thitherward did runne,  
 To catch a sparrow, which from her did swerue,  
 As shee a black-silke cappe on him begunne 85  
     To sett, for foile of his milke-white to serue.  
     Shee chirping ran, he peeping flew away, *sparrow's cry*  
     Till hard by them both he and shee did stay.  
 Well for to see, they kept themselues vnseene,  
 And saw this fairest maid of fairer minde, 90  
 By fortune meane, in Nature borne a Queene,  
 How well apaid<sup>8</sup> shee was her bird to finde ;  
 How tenderly her tender hands betweene  
 In iuorye cage she did the micher<sup>9</sup> binde ;

<sup>8</sup> 'apaid' = repaid.

<sup>9</sup> 'micher' = truant : sometimes a skulker, a lazy loiterer.

How rosie moist'ned lipes about his beake 95  
 Mouing, she seem'd at once to kisse and speake.  
 Chastned but thus, and thus his lesson taught taught  
 The happie wretch<sup>1</sup> she put into her breast,  
 Which to their eies the bowls<sup>2</sup> of Venus brought,<sup>3</sup>  
 For they seem'd made euen of skie mettall best, 100  
 And that the bias, of her bloud was wrought :  
 Betwixt them two the peeper tooke his nest,  
 Where snuging<sup>4</sup> well he well appear'd content,  
 So to haue done amisse, so to be shent.<sup>5</sup> rebuked

<sup>1</sup> '*happie wretch*.' Sidney uses 'wretch' tenderly, as our 'poor thing.' So too Shakespeare's 'the pretty wretch left crying' (*Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 3).

<sup>2</sup> '*bowls*': some editions have shockingly misprinted 'bowels': l. 101, 'bias': here, by a conceit, he calls the nipple the 'bias,' or that irregularity which was given to some 'bowls' that they might move in a particular curve, and he says it was formed of her (Venus') blood.

<sup>3</sup> Lines 99-101. Sidney seems to have adopted the singular comparison here from Puttenham's *Partheniades*, presented to Queen Elizabeth on New Year's-day, 1579:

'Her bosom sleake as Paris plaster  
 Helde vp two balles of alabaster ;  
 Eche byas was a little cherrie,  
 Or els I thinke a strawberie.'

<sup>4</sup> 'snuging' = lying close.

<sup>5</sup> '*shent*' = to ruin, overpower, disgrace. As I write this, I

This done, but done with captiue-killing grace, 105  
 Each motion seeming shot from Beautie's bow,  
 With length laid downe she deckt the louely<sup>6</sup> place :  
 Proud grew the grasse that vnder her did growe,  
 The trees spread out their armes to shade her face ;  
 But she, on elbow lean'd, with sighs did show 110  
     No grasse, no trees, nor yet her sparrow might  
     To long-perplexèd mind breed long delight.  
 She troubled was (alas that it mought be !)  
 With tedious brawlings of her parents deare,  
 Who would haue her in will and word agree 115  
 To wed Antaxius, their neighbour neare :

chance on the word as used by Henry Kingsley in his story of  
 'The Harveys,' as follows: 'I had taken him off at the café in  
 some unlucky moment, and being at that time very democratic,  
 had handed the sketch about among some students and some  
 others. *I was utterly shent*' (vol. i. c. vi. p. 81).

<sup>6</sup> 'louely': in later editions misprinted 'lonely.' Line 148,  
 'leaving his wonted fight.' In leaving his wonted manner of  
 fighting with bow and arrows for these other light-top weapons.  
 He has the same conceit xvii. l. 131. Henry Constable, in his  
 Sonnet to his Lady's Hand, forces the strange conceit still further,  
 though keeping to bow and arrows :

'Sweet hand ! the sweet yet cruell bow thou art  
 From whence at me five iuorye arrowes flye.'

A heardman rich of much account was he,  
 In whom no ill did raigne, nor good appeare :  
     In some such one she lik'd not his desire,  
     Faine would be free, but dreadeth parents' ire. 120  
 Kindly, sweet soule, she did vnkindnesse take naturally  
 That baggèd baggage of a miser's mudd,  
 Should price of her, as in a market, make :—  
 But golde can gild a rotten piece of wood.  
 To yeeld she found her noble heart did ake ; 125  
 To striue she fear'd how it with vertue stood :  
     Thus doubting clouds ore-casting heau'nly braine,  
     At length in rowes of kisse-cheeks teares they raine.  
 Cupid, the wagg, that lately conquer'd had  
 Wise counsellours, stout captaines, puissant kings, 130  
 And ti'd them fast to leade his triumph bad,  
 Glutted with them now plaies with meanest things.  
 So oft in feasts with costly changes clad  
 To crammèd mawes a sprat new stomake brings : 134  
     So lords, with sport of staggs and hearon full, heron  
     Sometimes we see small birds from nests do pull.  
 So now for pray these shepherds two he tooke.  
 Whose metall stiff he knew he could not bend  
 With hear-say pictures or a window-looke,  
 With one good dawnce, or letter finely pen'd ; 140

That, were in Court a well-proportion'd hooke,  
Where piercing witts do quickly apprehend :  
    Their sences rude plaine objects only moue,  
    And so must see great cause before they loue.  
Therefore Loue arm'd in her now takes the field, 145  
Making her beames his brauerie and might ;  
Her hands which pierc'd the soule's seu'n-double shield,  
Were now his darts, leauing his wonted fight ;  
Braue crest to him her scorne-gold haire did yeeld,  
His compleat harneis was her purest white, 150  
    But fearing lest all white might seeme too good,  
    In cheekes and lipps the tyrant threatens bloud.  
Besides this force, within her eyes he kept  
A fire, to burne the prisoners he gaines,  
Whose boiling heate encreasèd as she wept : 155  
For eu'n in forge cold water fire maintaines,  
Thus proud and fierce vnto the hearts he stept  
Of them, poore soules, and cutting Reason's raines, reins  
    Made them his owne before they had it wist :  
    But if they had, could sheephookes this resist ? 160  
Klaius straight felt and gronèd at the blowe,  
And call'd, now wounded, purpose to his aide :  
Strephon, fond boy, delighted did not knowe  
That it was Loue that shin'd in shining maid,

But, lickrous-poison'd, faine to her would goe, 165  
 If him new-learnèd manners had not staid.

For then Vrania homeward did arise,  
 Leauing in paine their wel-fed hungry eies.

She went, they staid, or, rightly for to say,  
 She staid in them, they went in thought with hyr : 170

Klaius indeede would faine haue puld away  
 This mote from out his eye, this inward burre,  
 And now, proud rebell, 'gan for to gainsay

The lesson which but late he learn'd too furre ; far  
 Meaning with absence to refresh the thought 175

To which her presence such a feauer brought.  
 Strephon did leap with ioy and iolitie,  
 Thinking it iust more therein to delight  
 Then in good dog, faire field, or shading tree.  
 So haue I seene <sup>7</sup> trim-bookes in veluet dight, 180  
 With golden leaues, and painted baberie,  
 Of seely boies please vnaacquainted sight :

But when the rod began to play his part,  
 Faine would, but could not flye from golden smart.  
 He quickly learn'd Vrania was her name, 185  
 And straight for failing, grau'd it in his heart :

<sup>7</sup> ' *So haue I seene,* ' &c. Cf. *Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnet xi.  
 vol. i. p. 20.

He knew her haunt, and haunted in the same,  
 And taught his sheepe her sheepe in food to thwart,  
 Which soone as it did batefull question frame, debateful  
 He might on knees confesse his faultie part, 190  
 And yeeld himselfe vnto her punishment,  
 While nought but game the selfe-hurt wanton ment.  
 Nay euen vnto her home he oft would go,  
 Where bold and hurtlesse many play he tries,  
 Her parents liking well it should be so, 195  
 For simple goodnesse shined in his eyes.  
 There did he make her laugh in spite of woe,  
 So as good thoughts of him in all arise,  
 While into none doubt of his loue did sinke, suspicion  
 For not himselfe to be in loue did thinke. 200  
 But glad Desire, his late-embosom'd guest,  
 Yet but a babe, with milke of Sight he nurst :  
 Desire the more he sucks, more sought the brest,  
 Like dropsie-folke still drinke to be a-thirst.  
 Till one faire eau'n, an houre ere sunne did rest, 205  
 Who then in lion's caue<sup>8</sup> did enter first,  
 By neighbours prai'd she went abroad thereby,  
 At barly-brake<sup>9</sup> her sweete swift foot to trie.

<sup>8</sup> 'lion's cave' = beginning of July.

<sup>9</sup> 'barly-brake.' One of the commonest of rural games, and

Neuer the Earth on his round shoulders bare  
 A maid train'd vp from high or low degree,                   210  
 That in her doings better could compare                   equal  
 Mirth with respect, few words with curtesie,  
 A carelesse comlinesse with comely care,  
 Selfe-gard with mildnesse, sport with maiestie :           214  
     Which made her yeeld to deck this shepheard's band ;  
     And still, beleeeue me, Strephon was at hand.

frequently alluded to. The text gives the best description of it known, and Gifford has followed it in his note on Massinger *sub voce*. He has, however, omitted to say that, whatever the rules under which the couple in hell attacked and pursued the couple they singled out, either of the pursued were saved by joining with one of the other out-couple of the opposite sex. From one of Herrick's Epigrams (*Hesperides*, 1648, p. 34) quoted by Nares, it seems the couple in hell kissed ; and from this, and from the sarcasm in the line, 'Thus Pas did kiss her hand with little grace,' it may perhaps be gathered that this ceremony was gone through whenever a couple came together. If, as in *kiss-in-the-ring*, it were also performed when the pursuer captured the pursued, it would the more account for Klaius's jealous precaution. With regard to the name (*Barly-brake*) Dr. Brinsley Nicholson thus writes to me : 'As I do not see why the English game should be played in barley-fields more than elsewhere (see Nares and Jamieson), I venture to suggest a different derivation. Three words are used in English games to demand freedom from play ; when one requires to tie a shoestring, or the like. One is "Bar play," another "Law," and the third, which seems to be either a corrup-



A-field they go, where manie lookers be,  
 And thou seek-sorrow Klaius them among :  
 Indeed thou said'st it was thy friend to see,  
 Strephon, whose absence seem'd vnto thee long ;   220  
 While most with her he lesse did keepe with thee.  
 No, no, it was in spite of wisdomes song,  
     Which absence wisht, Loue plai'd a victor's part ;  
     The heau'n-loue lodstone drew thy iron hart.  
 Then couples three be streight allotted there ;   225  
 They of both ends, the middle two doe flie,  
 The two that in mid place Hell, callèd were,  
 Must striue with waiting foot and watching eye  
 To catch of them, and them to Hell to beare,  
 That they, as well as they, Hell may supplie :   230  
     Like some which seeke to salue their blotted name  
     With others' blott, till all do tast of shame.

tion of the first, or a combination of Bar, Law, is "Barly" or  
 "Barley." Now, when two have joined as a couple in this game,  
 they are, as above noted, freed from pursuit, out, as it were, of the  
 game, and in a state of "Barley," while the effort of the hell-  
 couple was to break that state.' It is somewhat in favour of Dr.  
 Nicholson's suggested derivation, that it appears from the line,

'And all to second barley-break are bent,'

the same players playing, every chase that resulted in a change of  
 a couple in hell was called a barley-break. So *Scoticè*.

There may you see, soone as the middle two  
 Doe couplèd towards either couple make,  
 They false and fearefull do their hands vndoe, 235  
 Brother his brother, friend doth friend forsake,  
 Heeding himselfe, cares not how fellow do,  
 But of a stranger mutuall help doth take,  
     As periur'd cowards in aduersitie 239  
     With sight of feare from friends to fremb'd<sup>10</sup> do flie.  
 These sports shepheards deuizd such faults to show :  
 Geron, though old yet gamesome, kept one end  
 With Cosma, for whose loue Pas past in wo. exceeded  
 Faire Nous with Pas the lott to Hell did send,  
 Pas thought it Hell, while he was Cosma fro. 245  
 At other end Vran did Strephon lend  
     Her happye-making hand, of whom one looke  
     From Nous and Cosma all their beautie tooke.  
 The play began : Pas durst not Cosma chace,  
 But did intend next bout with her to meete ; 250  
 So he with Nous to Geron turn'd their race,  
 With whom to ioyne, fast ran Vrania sweet,  
 But light-legg'd Pas had got the middle space.  
 Geron straue hard, but agèd were his feet,

<sup>10</sup> 'fremb'd': Scoticè, 'fremit,' is = alien, a stranger.

And therefore finding force now faint to be, 255  
 He thought gray haire affoorded subtiltie,  
 And so when Pas' hand reachèd him to take,  
 The fox on knees and elbowes tumbled downe;  
 Pas could not stay, but ouer him did rake,<sup>11</sup> 259  
 And crown'd the earth with his first-touching crowne :  
 His heeles grow'n proud did seeme at heau'n to shake,  
 But Nous, that slipt from Pas, did catch the clowne.  
 So laughing all, yet Pas to ease some-dell  
 Geron with Vran were condemn'd to Hell.  
 Cosma this while to Strephon safely came, 265  
 And all to second barly-breake are bent :  
 The two in Hell did toward Cosma frame,  
 Who should to Pas, but they would her preuent.  
 Pas mad with fall, and madder with the shame, 269  
 Most mad with beames which he thought Cosma sent,  
 With such mad hast he did to Cosma goe,  
 That to her breast he gaue a noysome blowe :

<sup>11</sup> 'rake' = to go all along over him, as a ship is 'raked' from stem to stern by waves or shot. Here it is more than usually appropriate, for he must have gone along over him, much after the fashion of the garden implement. Line 263, 'some-dell' = some deal or part = somewhat. Line 280, 'fet' : past tense of to *fetch*. So *Faerie Queene*, b. v. c. iii. st. xi. : Shakespeare (*Henry V.* act iii. sc. 1).

She, quick and proud, and who did Pas dispise,  
 Vp with her fist, and tooke him on the face :  
 Another time, quoth she, become more wise. 275  
 Thus Pas did kisse her hand with little grace,  
 And each way lucklesse, yet in humble guise  
 Did hold her fast for feare of more disgrace,  
     While Strephon might with prettie Nous haue met,  
     But all this while another course he fet ;      fetchèd  
 For as Vrania after Cosma ran,      281  
 He, rauishèd with sight how gracefully  
 She mou'd her lims, and drew the agèd man,  
 Left Nous, to coast the louèd beautie nie :  
 Nous cri'd and chaf'd, but he no other can,      285  
 Till Vran seeing Pas to Cosma flie,  
     And Strephon single, turnèd after him.  
     Strephon so chas'd did seeme in milke to swimme ;  
 He ran, but ran with eye ore shoulder cast,      289  
 More marking her then how himselfe did goe ;      than  
 Like Numid lyons by the hunters chas'd,  
 Though they doe flie, yet backwardly doe glowe  
 With proud aspèct, disdaining greater hast :  
 What rage in them, that loue in him did show.  
     But God giues them instinct the man to shun,      295  
     And he by law of barly-brake must run ;

But as his heate with running did augment,  
Much more his sight encreast his hote desire.  
So is in her the best of Nature spent,  
The aire her sweet race mou'd doth blow the fire : 300  
Her feet be purseuants from Cupid sent,  
With whose fine steps all loues and ioyes conspire :  
    The hidden beauties seem'd in wait to lie,  
    To drowne proud hearts that would not willing die.  
Thus fast he fled from her he follow'd sore,       305  
Still shunning Nous to lengthen pleasing race,  
Till that he spied old Geron could no more ;  
Then did he slacke his loue-enstructed pace,  
So that Vran, whose arme old Geron bore,  
Laid hold on him with most lay-holding grace.       310  
    So caught, him seem'd he caught of ioyes the bell,  
    And thought it heau'n so to be drawne to Hell.  
To Hell he goes, and Nous with him must dwell :  
Nous sware it was not right, for his default       314  
Who would be caught, that she should goe to Hell :  
But so she must. And now the third assault  
Of barly-brake among the sixe befell,  
Pas Cosma matcht, yet angry with his fault,  
    The other end Geron with Vran gard ;       319  
    I thinke you thinke Strephon bent thitherward.  
Nous counseld Strephon Geron to pursue,

For he was old and easie would be cought :  
 But he drew her as loue his fancie drew,  
 And so to take the gemme, Vrania, sought.  
 While Geron old came safe to Cosma true, 325  
 Though him to meet at all she sturrèd nought ;  
     For Pas, whether it were for feare or loue,  
     Mou'd not himselfe, nor suffered her to moue.  
 So they three did together idly stay,  
 While deare Vran, whose course was Pas to meet, 330  
 (He staying thus) was faine abroad to stray  
 With larger round, to shun the following feet.  
 Strephon, whose eyes on her back-parts did play,  
 With loue drawne on, so fast with pace vnmeet  
     Drew daintie Nous, that she not able so 335  
     To runne, brake from his hands, and let him goe.  
 He single thus hop'd soone with her to be,  
 Who nothing earthly, but of fire and aire,  
 Though with soft leggs, did runne as fast as he.  
 He thrise reacht, thrise deceiu'd, when her to beare 340  
 He hopes, with daintie turns she doth him flee.  
 So on the downs we see, neere Wilton <sup>12</sup> faire,

<sup>12</sup> 'Wilton': the reference is to Salisbury Plain, near Wilton,  
 Later editions read 'Helis' for Wilton, which seems unintelligible.

A hastn'd hare from greedie grayhound goe,  
 And past all hope his chaps to frustrate so. 344  
 But this strange race more strange conceits did yeeld ;  
 Who victor seem'd was to his ruine brought,  
 Who seem'd orethrowne was mistresse of the field :  
 She fled, and tooke ; he followed, and was caught.  
 So haue I heard, to pierce pursuing shield  
 By parents train'd the Tartars wilde are taught, 350  
 With shafts shot out from their back-turnèd bow ;  
 But, ah, her darts did farre more deeply go.  
 As Venus' bird, the white, swift, louely doue,  
 (O happie doue, that art compar'd to her !)  
 Doth on her wings her vtmost swiftnesse proue, 355  
 Finding the gripe of falcon fierce not furre ;  
 So did Vran the narre,<sup>1</sup> the swifter moue,—  
 Yet beautie still as fast as she did sturre,—  
 Till with long race deare she was breathlesse brought,  
 And then the phoenix feared to be cought. 360  
 Among the rest that there did take delight

<sup>1</sup> 'the narre' = nearer, and so 'near' in the proverb 'never the near.' The root is, as in the Dutch, *naer*, and is the same with what we now pronounce 'nigh,' i. e. *narre*, *naer* ; near in the proverb and nigher are the same comparative, differently pronounced.

To see the sports of double-shining<sup>2</sup> day,  
 And did the tribute of their wondring sight  
 To Nature's heire, the faire Vrania, pay,  
 I told you Klaius was the haplesse wight, 365  
 Who earnest found what they accounted play.

He did not there doe homage of his eyes,

But on his eyes his heart did sacrifice.

With gazing looks, short sighes, vnsetled feet,  
 He stood, but turn'd, as Girosol, to sunne ; 370  
 His fancies still did her in halfe-way meet,  
 His soule did flie as she was seene to run.

In summe, proud Boreas neuer rulèd fleet,  
 (Who Neptune's web on Daunger's distaffe spun,)

With greater power, then she did make them wend

Each way, as she that ages praise did bend. 375

Till spying well she wellnigh weary was,

And surely taught by his loue-open eye,—

His eye, that eu'n did marke her troden grasse,—

That she would faine the catch of Strephon flie ; 380

Giuing his reason pasport for to passe

Whither it would, so it would let him die,

<sup>2</sup> 'double-shining day': because both sun and Urania were out.  
 See 'Girosol to sunne,' *infra* (l. 370).



He that before shund her (to shunne such harmes),  
 Now runnes and takes her in his clipping armes.  
 For with pretence from Strephon her to guard,      385  
 He met her full, but full of warefulnesse,  
 With inbow'd bosome well for her prepar'd,  
 When Strephon cursing his owne backwardnesse,  
 Came to her backe, and so with double ward  
 Imprisond her, who both them did possesse      390  
     As heart-bound slaues : and happie then embrace  
     Vertue's profe,<sup>3</sup> Fortune's victor, Beautie's place.  
 Her race<sup>4</sup> did not her beautie's beames augment,  
 For they were euer in the best degree,  
 But yet a setting-forth it some way lent,      395  
 As rubies' lustre when they rubbèd be.  
 The daintie deaw on face and bodie went,      dew  
 As on sweet flowers when Morning's drops we see ;  
     Her breath, then short, seem'd loth from home to  
         passe ;  
     Which more it mou'd, the more it sweeter was.      400

<sup>3</sup> 'Vertue's proof' = Klaius : 'fortune's victor' = Strephon : 'beautie's place' = Urania.

<sup>4</sup> 'race' = progress : see *Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnet xxxii.

Happy, O happy, if they so might bide,  
 To see her eyes, with how true humblenesse  
 They lookèd downe to triumph ouer pride ;  
 With how sweet sawce<sup>5</sup> she blam'd their sawcinesse,  
 To feele the panting heart, which through her side 405  
 Did beat their hands, which durst so neere to

presse,

To see, to feele, to heare, to taste, to know  
 More then, besides her, all the earth could show. than  
 But neuer did Medea's golden weed <sup>6</sup>  
 On Creon's child his poyson sooner throw 410  
 Then those delights through all their sinewes breed  
 A creeping, serpent-like, of mortall woe :  
 Till she brake from their armes,—although indeed  
 Going from them, from them she could not go,—  
 And farewelling the flock, did homeward wend : 415  
 And so that euen the barly-brake did end.

<sup>5</sup> 'sawce': so Shakespeare frequently, 'I'll sauce them' (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, act. iv. sc. 3).

<sup>6</sup> 'golden weed': the present of the vengeful Medea to Glauce, daughter of Creon, a mythical king of Corinth, on her marriage with Jason, was, according to some, a garment which destroyed her by fire when she put it on (*Schol. ad Eurip. Med.* 20); according to others, a crown or diadem (*Hyginus*, l. c. : cf. *Diod.* iv. 54). The Roman bridal-veil was yellow.

It ended, but the other woe began,—  
Began at least to be conceiu'd as woe.  
For then wise Klaius found no absence can  
Helpe him, who can no more her sight fore go. 420  
He found man's vertue is but part of man,  
And part must follow where whole man doth go.  
He found that Reason's selfe now reasons found  
To fasten knots, which Fancie first had bound : 425  
So doth he yeeld ; so takes he on his yoke,  
Not knowing who did draw with him therein.  
Strephon, poore youth, because he saw no smoke,  
Did not conceiue what fire he had within ;  
But after this to greater rage it broke, 430  
Till of his life it did full conquest win.  
First killing mirth, then banishing all rest,  
Filling his eyes with teares, with sighes his breast ;  
Then sports grew paines, all talking tedious ;  
On thoughts he feeds, his lookes their figure change, 435  
The day seems long, but night is odious ;  
No sleeps but dreames, no dreames but visions strange :  
Till finding still his euill encreasing thus,  
One day he with his flocke abroad did raunge,  
And comming where he hop'd to be alone, 340  
Thus on a hillocke set, he made his mone :

Alas, what weights are these that load my heart !  
 I am as dull as Winter-steruèd sheep,  
 Tir'd as a iade in ouer-loden cart ;  
 Yet thoughts doe flie, though I can scarcely creepe. 445  
 All visions seeme ; at euerie bush I start ;  
 Drowsie am I, and yet can rarelie sleepe.  
     Sure I bewitchèd am ;—it is euen that,  
     Late neare a crosse I met an vgly cat ;—  
 For, but by charmes, how fall these things on me, 450  
 That from those eyes, where heau'nly apples bene,—  
 Those eyes (which nothing like themselues can see)  
 Of faire Vrania, fairer then a greene  
 Proudly bedect in April's liuery,  
 A shot vnheard gaue me a wound vnseene ? 455  
     He was inuisible that hurt me so,  
     And none inuisible but spirits can goe.  
 When I see her, my sinewes shake for feare,  
 And yet, deare soule, I know she hurteth none ; 460  
 Amid my flocke with woe my voice I teare,   make tearful  
 And, but bewitch'd, who to his flocke would mone ?  
 Her chery lips, milke hands, and golden haire  
 I still doe see, though I be still alone ;  
     Now, make me thinke that there is not a fiend,  
     Who, hid in angel's shape, my life would end. 465

The sports wherein I wouted to do well,  
Come she and sweet the aire with open breast, sweeten  
Then so I faile, when most I would excell,  
That at me, so amaz'd, my fellowes iest :  
Sometimes to her newes of my selfe to tell 470  
I goe about, but then is all my best,  
    Wry words and stam'ring, or else doltish dombe :  
    Say then, can this but of enchantement come ?  
Nay each thing is bewitcht to know my case :  
The nightingales for woe their songs refraine ; 475  
In ruer as I look'd my pining face,  
As pin'd a face as mine I saw againe ;  
The curteous mountaines, grieu'd at my disgrace,  
Their snowie haire teare off in melting paine ;  
    And now the dropping trees doe weepe for me, 480  
    And now faire euenings blush my shame to see.  
But you my pipe, whilome my chiefe delight,  
Till straunge delight delight to nothing ware ;  
And you my flocke, care of my carefull sight  
While I was I, and so had cause to care ; 485  
And thou my dogge, whose truth and valiant might  
Made wolues (not inward wolues) my ewes to spare ;  
    Goe you not from your maister in his woe ;  
    Let it suffice that he himselfe forgoe.

For though like waxe<sup>7</sup> this magicke makes me waste, 490  
 Or like a lambe, whose damme away is fet,        fetched  
 Stolne from her young by theeues' vnchoosing haste,  
 He trebble beas for help, but none can get ;        baas  
 Though thus, and worse, though now I am at last,  
 Of all the games that here ere now I met,        495  
     Doe you remember still you once were mine,  
     Till mine eyes had their curse from blessed eyne ;  
 Be you with me while I vnheard doe crie,  
 While I doe score my losses on the wind,  
 While I in heart my will write ere I die ;        500  
 In which by will my will and wits I bind  
 Still to be hers, about her ay to fie,  
 As this same sprite about my fancies blind  
     Doth daily haunt ; but so that mine become  
     As much more louing as lesse cumbersome.        505  
 Alas, a cloud hath ouercast mine eyes,  
 And yet I see her shine amid the cloud.  
 Alas, of ghosts I heare the gastlie cries,  
 Yet there, me seemes, I heare her singing loud :

<sup>7</sup> 'like waxe.' In Witch-lore one spell was to make an image  
 in wax of the person hated and to be injured, and to stick it full of  
 pins before a fire, muttering furtively certain rhyme-curses.

This song she sings in most commanding wise,— 510

‘Come, shepheard’s boy, let now thy heart be bow’d,

To make it selfe to my least looke a slaue :

Leaue sleepe, leaue all, I will no piecing haue.’—

I will, I will, alas, alas, I will :

Wilt thou haue more ? more haue, if more I be. 515

Away ragg’d rammes, care I what murraine kill ?

Out, shreaking pipe, made of some witchèd tree :

Goe, bawling curre, thy hungrie maw goe fill

On yon foule flocke, belonging not to mee.

With that his dog he henc’d,<sup>8</sup> his flocke he curst, 520

With that (yet kissèd first) his pipe he burst.

This said, this done, he rose, euen tir’d with rest,

With heart as carefull as with carelesse grace,

With shrinking legges, but with a swelling breast, 525

With eyes which threatned they would drowne his face ;<sup>9</sup>

Fearing the worst, not knowing what were best,

And giuing to his sight a wandring race,

He saw behind a bush, where Klaius sate,

His well-knowne friend, but yet his vnknowne mate.

<sup>8</sup> ‘*henc’d*’ = to send off, to dispatch to a distance. Bailey, *s. v.*, refers to this passage : perhaps a Sidney coinage.

<sup>9</sup> See former note : and Glossarial Index *s. v.*

Klaius the wretch, who latelie yeelden was 530  
 To beare the bonds which time nor wit could breake,  
 (With blushing soule at sight of iudgement's glasse,  
 While guiltie thoughts accus'd his reason weake),  
 This morne alone to lonely walke did passe,  
 Within himselfe of her deare selfe to speake ; 535  
     Till Strephon's plaining voice him nearer drew,  
     Where by his words his selfe-like case he knew.  
 For hearing him so oft with words of wo  
 Vrania name, whose force he knew so well,  
 He quickly knew what witchcraft gaue the blow, 540  
 Which made his Strephon thinke himselfe in hell :  
 Which when he did in perfect image show  
 To his owne wit, thought vpon thought did swell,  
     Breeding huge stormes within his inward part,  
     Which thus breath'd out with earthquake of his  
         heart. (pp. 83-95.) 545

*xi. Zelmane's Love-Grief.*

I N vaine, mine eyes, you labour to amend  
     With flowing tèares your fault of hastie sight,  
 Since to my hart her shape you so did send,  
     That her I see, though you did lose your light.



In vaine, my heart, now you with sight are burn'd, 5  
 With sighes you seeke to coole your hot desire,  
 Since sighes (into mine inward furnace turn'd)  
 For bellowes serue to kindle more the fire.  
 Reason, in vaine, now you haue lost my heart,  
 My head you seeke, as to your strongest fort, 10  
 Since there mine eyes haue plaid so false a part,  
 That to your strength your foes haue sure resort.  
 Then since in vaine I find were all my strife,  
 To this straunge death I vainly yeeld my life.  
 (p. 97.)

XII. *Basilus' Complaint.*

LET not old age disgrace my high desire,  
 O heauenly soule, in humaine shape conteind :  
 Old wood inflam'd doth yeeld the brauest fire,  
 When yonger doth in smoke his vertue spend.  
 Ne let white haire, which on my face do grow, 5  
 Seeme to your eyes of a disgracefull hue,  
 Since whitenesse doth present the sweetest show,  
 Which makes all eyes doe homage vnto you.  
 Old age is wise, and full of constant truth ;  
 Old age well stayed from ranging humor liues ; 10  
 Old age hath knowne what euer was in youth ;  
 Old age orecome, the greater honour giues :

And to old age since you your selfe aspire,  
 Let not old age disgrace my high desire.

(pp. 98-9.)

XIII. *Dorus to Mopsa.*

SINCE so mine eyes are subiect to your sight,  
 That in your sight they fixèd haue my braine ;  
 Since so my heart is fillèd with that light,  
 That only light doth all my life maintaine ;  
 Since in sweet you all goods so richly raigne, 5  
 That where you are, no wishèd good can want ;  
 Since so your liuing image liues in me,  
 That in my selfe your selfe true loue doth plant :  
 How can you him vnworthie then decree,  
 In whose chiefe part your worths implanted be?  
 (pp. 102-3.) 10

XIV. *Dorus to Pamela.*

MY sheepe are thoughts,<sup>10</sup> which I both guide and  
 serue ;  
 Their pasture is faire hilles of fruitlesse loue,

<sup>10</sup> 'My sheepe are thoughts.' Cf. George Herbert, Vol. i. p. 91,  
 l. 17 (F. W. L. edn.)

"My soul's a shepherd too ; a flock it feeds  
 Of thoughts and words and deeds."

On barren sweets they feed, and feeding sterue.  
 I waile their lott, but will not other proue ;  
 My sheepehooke is wanne hope, which all vpholds ; 5  
 My weedes Desire, cut out in endlesse folds ;  
     What wooll my sheepe shall beare, whiles thus they  
         liue,  
     In you it is, you must the iudgement giue.  
(pp. 107-8.)

xv. *Gynecia.*

YOU liuing powers, enclos'd in stately shrine  
     Of growing trees ; you rurall Gods that wield  
 Your scepters here, if to your eares diuine  
 A voice may come, which troubled soule doth yeeld ;  
     This vow receiue, this vow, O Gods, maintaine,—  
     My virgin life no spotted thought shall staine. 6  
 Thou purest stone, whose purenesse doth present  
 My purest mind,—whose temper hard doth show  
 My tempred hart,—by thee my promise sent  
 Vnto my selfe let after-liuers know. 10  
     No fancy mine, nor others' wrong-suspect  
     Make me, O vertuous Shame, thy lawes neglect.  
 O Chastity, the chiefe of heavenly lights,  
 Which makst us most immortall shape to weare,  
 Hold thou my heart, establish thou my sprights : 15

To onely thee my constant course I beare,  
 Till spotlesse soule vnto thy bosome flie.  
 Such life to leade, such death I vow to die.  
 (p. 113.)

xvi. *Retraction.*

MY words, in hope to blaze<sup>1</sup> a stedfast mind,  
 This marble chose, as of like temper knowne :  
 But loe, my words defaste, my fancies blinde,  
 Blots to the stone, shames to my selfe I finde,<sup>2</sup>  
 And witnesse am how ill agree in one 5  
 A woman's hand with constant marble stone.  
 My words full weake, the marble full of might ;  
 My words in store, the marble all alone ;  
 My words blacke inke, the marble kindly white ;  
 My words vnseene, the marble still in sight, 10  
 May witnesse beare how ill agree in one  
 A woman's hand with constant marble stone.  
 (pp. 113-4.)

<sup>1</sup> 'blaze' = publish, set forth—a sense due to the beacon system.

<sup>2</sup> She says = I chose the hard white marble as an emblem of my mind. Alas, I have made it an emblem otherwise. My words now defaced are blots to the stone, and so my now changed fancies are shames to myself.

XVII. *Zelmane of Philoclea.*

WHAT tounge can her perfection tell,  
     In whose each part all pens may dwell?  
 Her haire fine threeds of finest gold,  
 In curlèd knots man's thought to hold,  
 But that her fore-head sayes, In me . 5  
 A whiter beautie you may see ;  
 Whiter !—in deede more white then snow  
 Which on cold Winter's face doth grow ;—  
 That doth present those euen browes  
 Whose equall line their angles bowes ; 10  
 Like to the Moone, when, after chaunge,  
 Her hornèd head abroad doth raunge,  
 And arches be to heauenly lids ;  
 Whose winke each bold attempt forbids.  
 For the blacke starres those spheares containe, As for  
 The matchlesse paire euen praise doth staine ; 16  
 No lampe whose light by Art is got,  
 No sunne which shines and seeth not,  
 Can liken them, without all peere  
 Saue one as much as other cleere ; 20  
 Which onely thus vnhappy bee  
 Because themselues they cannot see.  
 Her cheekes with kindly claret spread,

Aurora-like new out of bed ;  
 Or like the fresh queene-apples<sup>3</sup> side, 25  
 Blushing at sight of Phœbus' pride.

Her nose, her chinne, pure iuory weares,  
 No purer then the pretie eares,  
 So that therein appeares some blood,  
 Like wine and milke that mingled stood ; 30  
 In whose incirclets if ye gaze,  
 Your eyes may tread a louers maze,  
 But with such turnes the voice to stray,  
 No talke vntaught can finde the way.  
 The tippe no iewell needs to weare, 35  
 The tippe is iewell of the eare.

But who those ruddie lips can misse,  
 Which blessed still themselues doe kisse :<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> 'queene-apple.' 'The Queen-apple is of two sorts, both of them great, faire red apples, and well relished, but the greater is the best' (Parkinson, *Paradisus Terrestris*, 1629).

<sup>4</sup> Lines 37-8,

'who those ruddie lips can misse,

Which blessed still themselues doe kisse.'

The Earl of Stirling copies daintily after this couplet in 'Aurora' (Sonnet xxviii. : *Poetical Works*, vol. i. p. 37), as follows :

'That I might kisse the stil-selfe-kissing roses.'

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Rubies, cherries, and roses new,  
 In worth, in taste, in perfect hew ; 40  
 Which neuer part but that they shoue  
 Of precious pearle the double row ;  
 The second sweetly-fencèd ward,  
 Her heauenly-dewèd tongue to gard,  
 Whence neuer word in vaine did flowe. 45  
     Faire vnder these doth stately grow  
 The handle of this precious worke,  
 The neck, in which strange graces lurke.  
 Such be I thinke the sumptuous towers  
 Which skill doth make in princes' bowers. 50  
 So good asay inuites the eye  
 A little downward to espie  
 The liuelie clusters of her brests,  
 Of Venus' babe the wanton nests : Cupid  
 Like pomels<sup>s</sup> round of marble cleere, 55  
 Where azurde veines well-mixt appeere,  
 With dearest tops of porphyrie.  
     Betwixt these two a way doth lie,—  
 A way more worthie Beautie's fame

<sup>s</sup> 'pomels' = a round ball or knob on top or head of a thing :  
 pommeau, Fr.

Than that which beares the milkie name : 60  
 This leades into the ioyous field  
 Which onely still doth lillies yeeld ;  
 But lillies such, whose natiue smell  
 The Indian odours doth excell :  
 Waste it is call'd, for it doth waste<sup>6</sup> 65  
 Men's liues vntill it be imbraste.  
 There may one see, and yet not see,  
 Her ribbes in white all armèd bee ;  
 More white then Neptune's fomie face  
 When struggling rockes he would imbrace. 70  
 In those delights the wandring thought  
 Might of each side astray be brought,  
 But that her nauel doth vnite  
 In curious circle busie sight :  
 A daintie seale of virgin-waxe, 75  
 Where nothing but impression lackes.  
 Her bellie then glad sight doth fill,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> '*Waste it is call'd, for it doth waste.*' Again the Earl of Stirling copies (Aurora, Song viii. ib. p. 83), as follows :

' And now, my Muse, we must make hast  
 To it that's justly call'd the wast,  
 That wasts my heart with hopes and feares,' &c.

<sup>7</sup> Before this he says: 'There may one see, and yet not see':



Iustly intituled Cupid's hill,—  
 A hill most fitte for such a master,  
 A spotlesse mine of alablaste : 80  
 Like alablaste faire and sleeke,  
 But soft and supple satten-like.<sup>8</sup>  
 In that sweete seate the boy doth sport ;  
 Loath I must leaue his chiefe resort,  
 For such a vse the world hath gotten, 85  
 The best things still must be forgotten.  
 Yet neuer shall my song omitte  
 Her thighes, for Ouid's song more fit,  
 Which flankèd with two sugrèd flankes,  
 Lift vp her stately-swelling bankes, 90  
 That Albion cliues in whitenesse passe,— cliffs  
 With hanches smooth as looking-glasse.

and he would hardly speak of the lady exposing herself naked to the sight of several. Hence I had read 'there' for 'their' of '98, 1605, 1613, &c.; but have since found it is 'then' in 1590 Arcadia—undoubtedly the true word. Line 80, 'alablaste': such is the early spelling, although 'alabastre' occurs in Chaucer (Knight's Tale, v. 1912): so too with Dr. Alabaster's name, which is often met with as 'Alablaster' (e. g. in Fuller), which is nearer to its derivation from *arcubalista* = cross-bow.

\* 'satten-like': so 'Aurora-like,' 'serpent-like,' before.

But bow all knees, now of her knees  
 My tongue doth tell what fancie sees,  
 The knots of ioy, the gemmes of loue, 95  
 Whose motion makes all graces moue,  
 Whose bought<sup>9</sup> incau'd, doth yeeld such sight,  
 Like cunning painter shadowing white.  
 The gartring-place, with child-like signe,  
 Shewes easie print in metall fine ; 100  
 But then againe the flesh doth rise  
 In her braue calues, like chrystall skies,  
 Whose Atlas is a smallest small,  
 More white then whitest bone of all.  
 Thereout steales out that round cleane foote, 105  
 This noble cedar's precious roote,  
 In shew and sent pale violets ; scent  
 Whose step on earth all beautie sets.

<sup>9</sup> Line 97, 'bought' : substantive for 'to bow'—(1) a twist, link, or knot ; (2) a flexure : 'The flexure of the joints is not the same in an elephant as in other quadrupeds ; the *bought* of the forelegs not directing backward, but laterally, and sometimes inward' (Browne ; Bailey, *s. n.*). See also Spenser's *Facrie Queene*, b. i. c. xi. st. xi. (misgiven by Bailey to Shakespeare) : also *ibid* b. i. c. i. st. xv., and Virgil's *Gnat*, st. xxxii., and Milton's *L'Allegro*, 'many a *bought*.'

But backe vnto her backe, my Muse,  
 Where Leda's swanne his feathers mewes,<sup>10</sup> 110  
 Along whose ridge such bones are met,  
 Like comfits round in marchpane<sup>1</sup> set.  
 Her shoulders be like two white doues,  
 Pearching within square royall rooues, roofs  
 Which leaded are with siluer skinne, 115  
 Passing the hate-spot ermelin. ermine  
 And thence those armes deriuèd are :  
 The phoenix' wings are not so rare  
 For faultlesse length and stainesse hue.  
 Ah, wo is me, my woes renue, 120  
 Now course doth leade me to her hand,  
 Of my first loue the fatall band,  
 Where whitenesse doth for euer sit :  
 Nature her selfe enameld it ;  
 For there with strange compact doth lie 125  
 Warne snow, moist pearle, soft iuorie ;  
 There fall those saphir-coloured brookes,  
 Which conduit-like with curious crookes

<sup>10</sup> 'mewes' = enclose, shut up.

<sup>1</sup> 'march-pane': confection made of almonds, sugar, &c.  
 masse-pain, Fr. = macaroons.

Sweet islands make in that sweet land.  
 As for the fingers of the hand, 130  
 The bloody shafts of Cupid's<sup>2</sup> warre,  
 With amatists they headèd are. amethysts  
 Thus hath each part his beautie's part ;  
 But how the Graces doe impart  
 To all her limmes a speciall grace, 135  
 Becomming euery time and place,  
 Which doth euen beautie beautifie,  
 And most bewitch the wretched eye ;—  
 How all this is but a faire inne  
 Of fairer guests, which dwell therein ;—<sup>3</sup> 140  
 Of whose high praise and praisefull blisse  
 Goodnesse the penne, heauen paper is ;  
 The inke immortall fame doth lend :—  
 As I began so must I end :  
 No tongue can her perfections tell, 145  
 In whose each part all tongues may dwell  
 (pp. 141-4)

<sup>2</sup> 'shafts of Cupid's war' = fingers. See previous note (x. l. 148).

<sup>3</sup> Lines 140-143. Our punctuation is an endeavour to make plain the intentional incompleteness of the clauses, by which the speaker expresses his inability to describe her perfections, and ends 'As I began,' &c.

XVIII. *Plangus and Basilius.*

## PLANGUS.

**A**LAS, how long this pilgrimage doth last !<sup>4</sup>  
 What greater ills haue now the heauens in store,  
 To couple comming harmes with sorowes past !  
 Long since my voice is hoarce and throte is sore  
 With cries to skies and curses to the ground ; 5  
 But more I plaine, I feele my woes the more.  
 Ah, where was first that cruell cunning found,  
 To frame of earth a vessell of the minde,  
 Where it should be to selfe-destruction bound ? 9  
 What needed so high sprites such mansions blind ?  
 Or, wrapt in flesh, what doe they here obtaine  
 But glorious name of wretched humaine-kinde ?  
 Balles to the starres, and thralles to Fortune's raigñ,  
 Turnd from themselues, infected with their cage, by  
 Where death is feard, and life is held with paine. 15

<sup>4</sup> Later editions misdrop 'long.' Line 18, 'all but iests' = all, jests only, nothing but jests. Line 28, 'state.' If we take 'state' in the sense of dignity, the meaning will be—it is the right of man, as one over whom he has unlimited sway, that alone gives Grief his princely or regal state, standing, or status, that alone makes him a prince or high power. But the phrase is open to other interpretations.

Like Players, pla'st to fill a filthy stage,                    placed  
 Where change of thoughts one foole to other shewes,  
 And all but iests, saue onely Sorrowe's rage.  
 The child feeles that, the man that feeling knowes,  
 Which cries first borne,—the presage of his life,    20  
 Where wit but serues to haue true taste of woes,  
 A shop of shame, a booke where blots be rife,  
 This bodie is ; this bodie so compos'd,  
 As in it selfe to nourish mortall strife :  
 So diuers be the elements dispos'd                    25  
 In this weake worke, that it can neuer bee  
 Made vniforme to any state repos'd.  
 Griefe onely makes his wretched state to see  
 (Euen like a toppe, which nought but whipping moues)  
 This man, this talking beast, this walking tree.    30  
 Griefe is the stone which finest iudgement proues ;  
 For who grieues not hath but a blockish braine,  
 Since cause of griefe no cause from life remoues.

## BASILIUS.

How long wilt thou with mournefull musicke staine  
 The cheerefull notes these pleasant places yeeld,    35  
 Where all good haps a perfect state maintaine ?

## PLANGUS.

Curst be good haps, and curst be they that build  
 Their hopes on haps, and do not make despaire

For all these certaine blowes the surest shield.

Shall I, that saw Eronae's shining haire 40

Torne with her hands, and those same hands of snow

With losse of purest bloud themselues to teare?

Shall I, that saw those brests where beauties flow,

Swelling with sighes, made pale with minde's disease,

And saw those eyes (those sunnes) such showers to show?

Shall I, whose eares her mournefull words did seaze,—

Her words in syrup laid of sweetest breath,— 47

Relent<sup>5</sup> those thoughts which then did so displease?

No, no ; Despaire my daily lesson saith,

And saith, although I seeke my life to flie, 50

Plangus must liue to see Eronae's death.

Plangus must liue some helpe for her to trie

(Though in despaire), for loue so forceth me.

Plangus doth liue,—and shall Erona die?

Erona dy ! O heauen (if heauen there be), 55

Hath all thy whirling course so small effect?

Serue all thy starrie eyes<sup>6</sup> this shame to see?

Let dolts, in haste, some altars faire erect

<sup>5</sup> 'relent' = soften, but a noticeable use of the word.

<sup>6</sup> 'all thy starrie eyes': a reminiscence perhaps of Plato's epigrammatic saying in a storm, that the ship could not perish with so many eyes upon it (pointing to the stars).

To those high powers which idly sit aboue,  
And vertue doe in greatest need neglect. 60

BASILUS.

O man, take heed how thou the Gods doe moue  
To cause-full wrath, which thou canst not resist :  
Blasphemous words the speaker vaine do proue.  
Alas, while we are wrapt in foggie mist  
Of our selfe-loue (so passions do deceiue), 65  
We thinke they hurt, when most they doe assist.  
To harme vs wormes, should that high Iustice leaue  
His nature, nay, Himselfe? for so it is :  
What glory from our losse can He receaue ?  
But still our dazeled eyes their way do misse, 70  
While that we do at His sweete scourge repine,—  
The kindly way to beate vs on to blisse.  
If she must dye, then hath she past the line  
Of lothsome dayes, whose losse how canst thou mone,  
That dost so well their miseries define ? 75  
But such we are, with inward tempest blowne  
Of windes quite contrarie, in waues of will ;  
We mone that lost, which had, we did bemone.

PLANGUS.

And shall she dye? shall cruell fier spill spoil  
Those beames that set so many harts on fire ? 80



Hath she not force euen Death with loue to kill?

Nay, euen cold Death, enflam'd with hot desire  
Her to enioy where ioy it selfe is thrall,

Will spoyle the earth of his most rich attire.  
Thus Death becomes a riual to vs all, 85

And hopes with foule embracements her to get,  
In whose decay Vertue's faire shrine must fall.

O Vertue weake, shall Death his triumph set  
Vpon thy spoiles, which neuer should lye waste?

Let Death first dy; be thou his worthy let. hindrance  
By what eclipse shall that sunne be defaste?

What mine hath erst thrown down so faire a tower?  
What sacriledge hath such a saint disgraste?

The world the garden is, she is the flower  
That sweetens all the place; she is the guest 95

Of rarest price, both heauen and earth her bower.  
And shall (O me!) all this in ashes rest?

Alas, if you a phoenix new will haue  
Burnt by the sunne, she first must build her nest:

But well you know the gentle sunne would saue 100  
Such beames so like his owne, which might haue might

In him the thoughts of Phaeton's damme to graue.  
Therefore, alas, you vse vile Vulcan's spight, Clymene  
Which nothing spares, to melt that virgin-waxe,

Which while it is, it is all Asia's light. 105  
 O Mars, for what doth serue thy armèd axe,  
 To let that witold<sup>7</sup> beast consume in flames  
 Thy Venus' childe, whose beautie Venus lacks?  
 O Venus (if her praise no enuy frames 110  
 In thy high minde), get her thy husband's grace;  
 Sweet speaking oft a currish heart reclaimes.  
 O eyes of mine, where once she saw her face,—  
 Her face which was more liuely in my hart; 114  
 O braine, where thought of her hath onely place;  
 O hand, which toucht her hand when we did part;  
 O lips, that kist that hand with my teares sprent;  
 O tounge, then dumbe, not daring tell my smart; [sprinkled  
 O soule, whose loue in her is onely spent,  
 What ere you see, think, touch, kisse, speake, or loue,  
 Let all for her and vnto her be bent. 120

## BASILIUS.

Thy wailing words do much my spirits moue;  
 They vttered are in such a feeling fashion,

<sup>7</sup> 'witold.' Was a pun intended, 'wit-old'? Line 125, 'glasse.' See previous note (on vi. l. 55). Line 151, 'from'—query, 'with'?—'plainfulness.' This, which is self-evidently the word of Sidney, was printed accurately so in 1590 *Arcadia*; but in after-texts erroneously 'painfulness' (as in line 153) = plaintiveness.

That Sorrowe's worke against my will I proue.

Me-thinkes I am partaker of thy passion,  
And in thy case do glasse mine owne debilitie; 125

Selfe-guiltie folke most prone to feele compassion.  
Yet reason saith, Reason should haue abilitie [are

To hold these worldly things in such proportion  
As let them come or go with euen facilitie :

But our desires' tyrannicall extortion 130  
Doth force vs there to set our chiefe delightfulnessse

Where but a baiting-place is all our portion.

But still, although we faile of perfect rightfulness,

Seeke we to tame these childish superfluities :  
Let vs not winke though voide of purest sightfulnessse.

For what can breed more peeuish incongruities, 136  
Then man to yeeld to female lamentations ?

Let us some grammar learne of more congruities.

PLANGUS.

If through mine eares pierce any consolation[s] 139

By wise discourse, sweet tunes, or poets' fiction ;  
If ought I cease these hideous exclamations,

While that my soule, she, she liues in affliction ;  
Then let my life long time on earth maintained be,

To wretched me the last worse malediction.  
Can I, that knew her sacred parts, restrained be 145

From any ioy? know Fortune's vile displacing her?—  
In morall rules let raging woes containèd be !

Can I forget, when they in prison placing her,  
With swelling heart in spite and due disdainfulnesse  
She lay for dead, till I helpt with vnlacing her : 150

Can I forget from how much mourning plainfulnesse  
With diamond in window-glasse she grauèd,—  
' Erona dye ! and end this ugly painefulnesse ' ?

Can I forget in how strange phrase she crauèd 154  
That quickly they would her burne, drowne, or smother,  
As if by death she onely might be sauèd ?

Then let me eke forget one hand from other ;

Let me forget that Plangus I am callèd ;

Let me forget I am sonne to my mother :

But if my memory must thus be thrallèd 160  
To that strange stroke which conquer'd all my senses,  
Can thoughts still thinking, so rest vappallèd ?

BASILIVS.

Who still doth seeke against himselfe offences,

What pardon can auaille? or who imployes him 164  
To hurt himselfe, what shields can be defences? himself

Woe to poore man: each outward thing annoyes him  
In diuers kinds, yet as he were not fillèd,

He heapes in outward grieve, that most destroyes him.

Thus is our thought with paine for thistles tillèd ;  
 Thus be our noblest parts dried vp with sorrow ;  
 Thus is our minde with too much minding spillèd. 171  
 One day layes vp stuffe of grieve for the morrow,  
 And whose good haps do leaue him vnprouided,  
 Condoling cause of friendship he will borrow :  
 Betwixt the good and shade of good diuided, 175  
 We pittie deeme that which but weakenes is ;  
 So are we from our high creation slided.  
 But, Plangus, lest I may your sicknesse misse,  
 Or rubbing hurt the sore, I here doe end : 179  
 The asse did hurt when he did thinke to kisse.<sup>8</sup>  
 (pp. 146-150.)

XIX. *The Storie of Cupid.*

**P**OOORE painters oft with sillie poets ioyne  
 To fill the world with straunge but vaine conceits :  
 One brings the stuffe, the other stamps the coine,  
 Which breeds nought else but glosses of deceits.  
 Thus painters Cupid paint ; thus poets do 5  
 A naked God, blind, young, with arrowes two.  
 Is he a God, that euer flies the light ?

<sup>8</sup> 'asse': of the Fable.

Or naked he, diguis'd in all vntruth?  
If he be blind, how hitteth he so right?  
How is he young, that tam'd ould Phoebus' youth? 10  
    But arrowes two, and tipt with gold or lead?  
    Some, hurt, accuse a third with hornie head.  
No, nothing so : an old, false knaue he is,  
By Argus got on Io, then a cow ;  
What time for her Iuno her Ioue did misse, 15  
And charge of her to Argus did allow.  
    Mercurie kill'd his false sire for this act ;  
    His damme, a beast, was pardon'd beastlie fact. [the]  
With father's death and mother's guiltie shame,  
With Ioue's disdaine at such a rival's seed, 20  
The wretch, compeld, a runnagate became,  
And learn'd what ill a miser-state doth breed. wretched  
    To lie, to steale, to prie, and to accuse,  
    Naught in himselfe, each other to abuse.  
Yet beares he still his parents' stately gifts,— 25  
A hornèd head, clouen feet, and thousand eyes,  
Some gazing still, some winking wilie shifts ;  
With long large eares, where neuer rumor dies.  
    His hornèd head doth seeme the heauen to spight,  
    His clouen foot doth neuer tread aright. 30  
Thus halfe a man, with men he dayly haunts,



When pittie most I craue, I cruell proue ;  
 Still seeking loue, loue found, as much I flie.  
 Burnt in my selfe, I muse at others' fire ; 5  
 What I call wrong, I do the same, and more ;  
 Bar'd of my will, I haue beyond desire ;  
 I waile for want, and yet am chokt with store.  
 This is thy worke, thou God for euer blind,  
 Though thousands old, a Boy entit'led still : 10  
 Thus children do the silly birds they find,  
 With stroking hurt, and too much cramming kill.  
 Yet thus much loue, O Loue, I craue of thee :  
 Let me be lou'd, or els not louèd be. (p. 164.)

xx1. *Verses written on a 'Sandie Bank.'*

O VER these brookes, trusting to ease mine eyes  
 (Mine eyes euen great in labour with their teares),  
 I laide my face,—my face, wherein their lies  
 Clusters of cloudes which no sunne euer cleares,—  
 In watry glasse my watry eyes I see : 5  
 Sorrowe's ill-easde where sorrowes painted bee. is ill  
 My thoughts imprison'd in my secret woes,  
 With flamie breath do issue oft in sound ;  
 The sound of this strange aier no sooner goes,  
 But that it doth with Echoe's force rebound, 10



And makes me heare the plaints I would refraine :  
 Thus outward helps my inward grieve maintaine.  
 Now in this sand I would discharge my mind,  
 And cast from me part of my burdenous cares ;  
 But in the sand my tales foretold I find, 15  
 And see therein how well the writer fares.  
 Since streame, ayre, sand, mine eyes and eares con-  
     spire,  
 What hope to quench, where each thing blowes the  
     fire ? (p. 166.)

**XXII.** *Shepherds of Philisides.*

ME thought some staues he mist : if so, not much  
amisse,  
For where he most would hit, he euer yet did misse.  
One said he brake a crosse ; full well it so might be,  
For neuer was there man more crossely crost then he. than  
But most cryed, O well broke ; O foole full gaily blest,  
Where failing is a shame, and breaking is his best. 6  
(p. 183.)

XXIII. *Love and Jealousy.*

WITH two strange fires of equall heat possest,  
 The one of Loue, the' other of Iealousie,  
 Both still do worke, in neither I find rest ;  
 For both, alas, their strengths together tie,  
 The one aloft doth hold, the other hie. 5  
 Loue wakes the iealous eye least thence it moues ;  
 The iealous eye the more it lookes, it loues.  
 These fires increase : in these I dayly burne ;  
 They feed on me, and with my wings do flie ;  
 My louely ioyes to dolefull ashes turne, 10  
 Their flames mount vp, my powers prostrate lie ;  
 They liue in force, I quite consumèd die.  
 One wonder yet farre passeth my conceat,—  
 The fewell small, how be the fires so great ?

(p. 197.)

XXIV. *Dametas on the Gitterne,*

A HATEFULL cure with hate to heale,<sup>r</sup>  
 A bloody helpe with bloud to saue,  
 A foolish thing with fooles to deale :

[It is] a hatefull cure to heal with hate : [it is] A bloody  
 help, &c.

Let him be bobd that bobs will haue, strokes  
 But who by meanes of wisdomes hie 5  
 Hath sau'd his charge? it is euen I.  
 Let others deck their pride with skarres,  
 And of their wounds make braue lame shewes;  
 First let them dye, then passe the starres,  
 When rotten Fame will tell their blowes : 10  
 But eye from blade, and eare from crie,  
 Who hath sau'd all? it is euen I. (pp. 206-7.)

xxv. *Oracles.*

THY elder care shall from thy carefull face  
 By princely meane be stolne, and yet not lost.  
 Thy younger shall with Nature's blisse embrace  
 An uncouth love, which Nature hateth most.  
 Both they themselues unto such two shall wed, 5  
 Who at thy beer as at a barre, shall plead bier  
 Why thee, a liuing man, they had made dead. [power  
 In thine owne seat a forraine State shall sit, prince and  
 And ere that all these blowes thy head do hit,  
 Thou, with thy wife, adultery shalt commit.  
(pp. 207-8.)

XXVI. *Hymn to Apollo.*

APOLLO great, whose beames the greater world do  
light,

And in our little world<sup>2</sup> doe cleare our inward sight, man  
Which euer shine, though hid from earth by earthly  
shade, do shine

Whose lights doe euer liue, but in our darknesse fade ;  
Thou god whose youth was deckt with spoile of Py-  
thon's skin 5

(So humble knowledge can throw downe the snakish  
sinne) ;

Latona's son, whose birth in paine and trauaile long  
Doth teach, to learne the good what trauailes do be-  
long ;

In trauaile of our life (a short but tedious space),  
While brickle<sup>3</sup> houre-glasse runs, guide thou our pant-  
ing pace : brittle 10

Giue vs foresightfull mindes ; giue vs mindes to obey

<sup>2</sup> = the microcosmos.

<sup>3</sup> The old and accurate form of 'brittle' from the Anglo-Saxon *brecon*. So in Spenser, 'faire and brickle, likest glasse did seeme' (F. Q. iv. cx). See also *Ruines of Time*, l. 499.

What foresight tels ; our thoughts vpon thy knowledge  
stay.

Let so our fruits grow vp that Nature be maintaind,  
But so our hearts keepe downe, with vice they be not  
stainde.

Let this assurèd hold our iudgements ouertake, 15  
That nothing winnes the heauen but what doth earthe  
forsake. (pp. 208-9.)

xxvii. *Skirmish betwixt Reason and Passion.*

*Reason.* THOU rebell vile, come, to thy master  
yeeld,

*And the other that met with him answered :*

*Passion.* No, tyrant, no ; mine, mine shall be the field.

*R.* Can Reason, then, a tyrant counted be ?

*P.* If Reason will that Passions be not free. 5

*R.* But Reason will that Reason gouerne most.

*P.* And Passion will that Passion rule the rost.

*R.* Your will is will, but Reason reason is.

*P.* Will hath his will when Reason's will doth misse.

*R.* Whom Passion leades, vnto his death is bent. 10

*P.* And let him die, so that he die content.

*R.* By nature you to Reason faith haue sworne.

*P.* Not so, but fellow-like together borne.

*R.* Who Passion doth ensue, liues in annoy.      pursue

*P.* Who Passion doth forsake, liues voide of ioy.      15

*R.* Passion is blinde, and treades an vnknowne trace.

*P.* Reason hath eyes to see his owne ill case. [track, path

*Then as they approached nearer, the two of Reason's side,  
as if they shot at the other, thus sang:*

*R.* Dare Passions, then, abide in Reason's light ?

*P.* And is not Reason dim with Passion's might ?

*R.* O foolish thing, which glory doth destroy !

*P.* O glorious title of a foolish toy !

*R.* Weaknesse you are, dare you with our strength fight ?

*P.* Because our weaknesse weakneth all your might.      6

*R.* O sacred Reason, helpe our vertuous toyles.

*P.* O Passion, passe<sup>4</sup> on feeble Reason's spoyles.

*R.* We with ourselues abide a daylie strife.

*P.* We gladly vse the sweetnesse of our life.      10

*R.* But yet our strife sure peace in end doth breed.

*P.* We now haue peace ; your peace we do not need.

*Then did the two square battailes meete, and in stead of  
fighting embrace one another, singing thus :*

*R.* We are too strong ; but Reason seeks no blood.

<sup>4</sup> Apparently used, as before, in sense of 'exult.' See Glossarial Index s. v.

*P.* Who to be weake do faine they be too good.  
*R.* Though we cannot orecome, our cause is iust.  
*P.* Let vs orecome, and let vs be vniust.  
*R.* Yet Passions yeeld at length to Reason's stroke. 5  
*P.* What shall we win by taking Reason's yoke ?  
*R.* The ioyes you haue shall be made permanent.  
*P.* But so we shall with griefe learne to repent.  
*R.* Repent indeed, but that shall be your blisse. 9  
*P.* How know we that, since present ioyes we misse ?  
*R.* You know it not ; of Reason therefore know it.  
*P.* No Reason yet had euer skill to shew it.  
*R.* Then let vs both to heavenly rules giue place.  
*P.* Which Passions kill, and Reason do deface.  
(pp. 215-6.)

xxviii. *Dicus and Dorus.*

DICUS.

**D**ORUS, tell me where is thy wonted motion,  
 To make these woods resound thy lamentation?  
 Thy saint is dead, or dead is thy deuotion ;  
 For who doth hold his loue in estimation,  
 To witnesse that he thinkes his thoughts delicious, 5  
 Thinkes to make each thing badge of his sweet passion.

DORUS.

But what doth make thee, Dicus, so suspicious  
Of my due faith, which needs must be immutable ?  
Who others' vertue doubt, themselues are vicious.  
Not so ;<sup>5</sup> although my metall were most mutable, 10  
Her beames haue wrought therein most faire impres-  
sion :

To such a force soone change were nothing sutable.

DICUS.

The hart well set doth neuer shunne confession ;  
If noble be thy bandes, make them notorious ;  
Silence doth seeme the marke of base oppression. 15  
Who glories in his loue doth make Loue glorious,  
But who doth feare, or bideth mute wilfully,  
Shewes guilty heart doth deeme his state opprobrious.  
Thou, then, that fram'st both words and voyce most  
skilfully,  
Yeelede to our eares a sweet and sound relation, 20  
If Loue tooke thee by force, or caught thee guilefully.

<sup>5</sup> 'Not so' = It is not as you say. This has no reference to the speaker's preceding words, which are a kind of preliminary remonstrance, but is his answer to the imputation in l. 3 of Dicus' stanza.



DORUS.

If sunnie beames shame heau'nly habitation,  
 If three-leau'd grasse<sup>6</sup> seeme to the sheepe vnsauorie,  
 Then base and sowre is Loue's most high vocation.  
 Or if sheepe's cries can helpe the sunne's owne brauerie,  
 Then may I hope my pipe may haue abilitie 26  
 To helpe her praise who decks me in her slauerie.  
 No, no ; no words ennoble selfe-nobilitie :—  
 As for your doubts, her voyce was it deceiuèd me,  
 Her eye the force beyond all possibilitie. 30

DICUS.

Thy words well voyc'd, well grac'de, had almost heauèd  
 me  
 Quite from my selfe to loue Loue's contemplation,  
 Till of these thoughts thy sodaine end bereauèd me.  
 Goe on therefore, and tell vs by what fashion  
 In thy owne prooffe he gets so strange possession, 35  
 And how possesse he strengthens his inuasion.

DORUS.

Sight is his roote, in thought is his progression,  
 His childhood wonder, prentizeship attention,

<sup>6</sup> = trefoil—a bit of folk-lore.

His youth delight, his age the soule's oppression,  
Doubt is his sleepe, he waketh in inuention, 40  
Fancie his foode, his clothing is of carefulnesse,  
Beauty his booke, his play louers' dissention,  
His eyes are curious search, but vaild with wareful-  
nesse,

His wings desire oft clipt with desperation ;  
Largesse his hands, could neuer skill of sparefulnesse.  
But how he doth, by might or by perswasion, 45  
To conquere, and his conquest how to ratifie,  
Experience doubts, and schooles hold disputation.

DICUS.

But so thy sheepe may thy good wishes satisfie  
With large encrease and wool of fine perfection ; 50  
So she thy loue, her eyes thy eyes may gratifie ;  
As thou wilt giue our soules a deare refection,  
By telling how shee was, how now she framèd is  
To helpe or hurt in thee her owne infection.

DORUS.

Blest be the name wherewith my mistres namèd is ; 55  
Whose wounds are salues, whose yokes please more  
then pleasure doth :  
Her staines are beames, vertue the fault she blamèd is ;  
The hart, eye, eare, here onely finde his treasure dothe,

All numbring artes her endlesse graces number not ;  
 Time, place, life, wit, scarcely her rare gifts measure  
 doth. 60

Is she in rage ? so is the sunne in sommer hot,  
 Yet haruest brings. Doth she, alas, absent her selfe ?  
 The sunne is hid, his kindly shadowes cumber not.  
 But when to giue some grace she doth content her selfe,  
 O then it shines, then are the heau'ns distributed, 65  
 And Venus seemes, to make vp her, she spent her selfe.  
 Thus, then, I say, me mischiefes haue contributed  
 A greater good by her diuine reflection ;  
 My harmes to me, my blisse to her attributed.  
 Thus she is fram'd : her eyes are my direction, 70  
 Her loue my life, her anger my destruction ;  
 Lastly, what so she is, that's my protection.

DICUS.

Thy safetie sure is wrapped in destruction,  
 For that construction thine owne words do beare.  
 A man to feare a woman's moodie eye 75  
 Makes reason lye a slaue to seruile sense ;  
 A weake defence where weaknesse is thy force :  
 So is remorse in follie dearely bought.

DORUS.

If I had thought to heare blasphemous words,

My breast to swords, my soule to hell haue sold      80  
 I rather would, then thus mine eares defile  
 With words so vile, which viler breath doth breed.  
 O heards, take heed, for I a wolfe haue found,      herds  
 Who hunting round the strongest for to kill,  
 His breast doth fill with earth of others' woe :<sup>7</sup>      85  
 And loden so, pulls downe, pull'd downe destroyes.  
 O shepheards' boyes, eschue these tongues of venome,  
 Which doe envenome both the soule and senses.  
 Our best defenses are to flie these adders.  
 O tongues, like ladders made to clime dishonour,      90  
 Who iudge that honour which hath scope to slaunder !

## DICUS.

Dorus, you wander farre in great reproches,  
 So Loue encroches on your charmed reason ;  
 But it is season for to end our singing,  
 Such anger bringing : as for me, my fancie      95

<sup>7</sup> Pliny says of the wolf, When he is very hungry, and can get no other prey, he feedeth on the earth (N. H. b. viii. c. 22, Holland). Batman repeats this ; but Sidney's belief seems to be that the wolf, before attacking, takes it to make him heavier, and therefore stronger in the combat. Line 99 = [May] she oft bend her looks to thee ; [and may] the stars also bend her favour to thee.

In sicke man's frenzie rather takes compassion  
 Then rage for rage : rather my wish I send to thee, than  
 Thou soone may haue some helpe, or chaunge of passion :  
 She oft her lookes, the stars her fauour bend to thee,  
 Fortune store, Nature health, Loue graunt perswasion.  
 A quiet minde none but thy selfe can lend to thee; 101  
 Thus I commend to thee all our former loue.

DORUS.

Well do I proue error lyes oft in zeale,  
 Yet it is zeale, though error of true heart. 104  
 Nought could impart such heates to friendly minde ;  
 But for to find thy words did her disgrace  
 Whose onely face the little heauen is ;

Which who doth misse, his eyes are but delusions,  
 Barr'd from their chiefest obiect of delightfulnessse,  
 Throwne on this earth, the chaos of confusions. 110

As for thy wish, to my enragèd spitefulnessse  
 The louely blow, with rare reward my prayer is,  
 Thou maist loue her, that I may see thy sightfulnessse.

The quiet mind (whereof my selfe empairer is, impairer  
 As thou dost thinke) should most of all disquiet me  
 Without her loue, then my mind who fairer is. 116

Her only cure, from surfet woes can diet me ;  
 She holds the ballance of my contentation ;

Her cleared eyes, nought else in stormes can quiet me.

Nay rather then my ease discontentation 120

Should breed to her, let me for aye deieted be

From any ioy which might her grieft occasion.

With so sweet plagues my happy harmes infected be:

Paine wils me die, yet will of death I mortifie; 124

For though life irkes, in life my loues protected be;

Thus for each change my changelesse heart I fortifie.

(pp. 216-19.)

XXIX. *Nico and Dorus*.<sup>8</sup>

NICO.

AND are you there, old Pas! in troth, I euer thought,

Among us all we should find out some thing of  
nought.

PAS.

And I am here the same, so mote I thriue and thee,

Despairde in all this flocke to find a knaue but thee.

NICO.

Ah, now I see why thou art in thy selfe so blind: 5

Thy gray-hood hides the thing that thou despairst to  
find.

<sup>8</sup> This Dialogue is found only in *Arcadia*, 1590, leaf 237 B to 240 B. We take it from hence.

PAS.

My gray-hood is mine owne, all be it be but gray ;  
Not like the scrippe thou stol'st while Dorcas sleeping  
lay.

NICO.

Mine was the scrippe ; but thou, that seeming raid with  
loue,  
Didst snatch from Cosma's hand her greeny wroughten  
gloue. 10

PAS.

Ah, foole ; so courtiers do. But who did liuely skippe,  
When for a treene-dish stolne thy father did thee  
whippe ?

NICO.

Indeed, the witch thy dam her crouch from shoulder  
spred,  
For pilfring Lalus' lambe, with crouch to blesse thy  
head.<sup>9</sup> 15

PAS.

My voice the lambe did winne, Menalcas was our iudge :  
Of singing match was made, whence he with shame did  
trudge.

<sup>9</sup> Lines 14-15, '*crouch*': in the former = crutch ; in the latter =  
a cross—both being meanings of the word ; and a third 'a piece  
of money.'





I have, and long shall have, a white great nimble cat,  
 A king vpon a mouse, a strong foe to the rat ;  
 Fine eares, long taile he hath, with lion's curbèd clawe,  
 Which oft he lifteth vp, and stayes his lifted pawe,  
 Deepe musing to himselfe, which after-mewing shewes,  
 Till, with lickt beard, his eye of fire espie his foes. 35  
 If thou (alas poore if !) do winne, then winne thou this;  
 And if I better sing, let me thy Cosma kisse.

PAS.

Kisse her? Now mayst thou kisse—I haue a better  
 match ;

A prettie curre it is, his name iwis is Catch ; 40  
 No eare nor taile he hath, least they should him disgrace,  
 A ruddie haire his cote, with fine long spectled<sup>1</sup> face :  
 He neuer musing standes, but with himselfe will play,  
 Leaping at euery flie, and angrie with a flea : 44  
 He eft would kill a mouse, but he disdaines to fight,  
 And makes our home good sport with dauncing bolt  
 vpriht. [prize

This is my pawne, the price let Dicus iudgement show:  
 Such oddes I willing lay, for him and you I know.

<sup>1</sup> = marked in such shape. It is *not* 'speckled.

DICUS.

Sing, then, my lads ; but sing with better vaine then  
yet,  
Or else who singeth worst my skill will hardly hit. 50

NICO.

Who doubts but Pas' fine pipe againe will bringe  
The auncient prayse to Arcad shepheards' skill ?  
Pan is not dead, since Pas beginnes to sing.

PAS.

Who euermore will loue Apollo's quill,  
Since Nico doth to sing so widely gape ? 55  
Nico his place farre better furnish will.

NICO.

Was not this he who did for Syrinx scape,  
Raging in woes, teach pastors first to plaine ?  
Do you not heare his voice and see his shape ?

PAS.

This is not he that failèd her to gaine, 60  
Which, made a bay, made bay a holy tree ;  
But this is one that doth his musicke staine.

NICO.

O Faunes, O Fairies all, and do you see  
And suffer such a wrong ? a wrong, I trowe, 65  
That Nico must with Pas comparèd be.

**PAS.**

O Nymphes, I tell you newes, for Pas you knowe :  
While I was warbling out your woonted praise,  
Nico would needes with Pas his bag-pipe blowe.

**NICO.**

If neuer I did faile your holy-dayes  
 With daunces, carols, or with barlybroke,  
 Let Pas now know how Nico makes the layes.

**PAS.**

If each day hath bene holy for your sake,  
Vnto my pipe,—O Nymphes, helpe now my pipe,  
For Pas well knowes what layes can Nico make. 75

**NICO.**

Alas, how oft I looke on cherries ripe,  
Me thinkes I see the lippes my Leuca hath,  
And wanting her, my weeping eyes I wipe.

**PAS.**

Alas, when I in springe meete roses rathe,  
And thinke from Cosma's sweet red lips I liue,      80  
I leaue mine eyes vnwipte, my cheekes to bathe.

**NICO.**

As I of late neer bushes vsde my siue,  
I spied a thrush where she did make her nest  
That will I take, and to my Leuca giue.

PAS.

But long haue I a sparrow gailie drest, 85  
As white as milke, and comming to the call,  
To put it with my hand in Cosma's brest.

NICO.

I oft doo sue, and Leuca saith I shall ;  
But when I did come neere with heate and hope,  
She ranne away, and threw at me a ball. 90

PAS.

Cosma once said she left the wicket ope,  
For me to come ; and so she did : I came,  
But in the place found nothing but a rope.

NICO.

When Leuca dooth appeare, the sunne for shame  
Dooth hide himselfe ; for to himselfe he sayes, 95  
If Leuca liue, she darken will my fame.

PAS.

When Cosma doth come forth, the sun displaies  
His vtmost light ; for well his witte doth know  
Cosma's faire beames emblemish much his rates.

NICO.

Leuca to me did yester-morning showe, 100

In perfect light, which could not me deceaue,  
Her naked legge, more white then whitest snowe.

PAS.

But yester-night, by light I did receaue  
From Cosma's eyes, which full in darkenes shine,  
I sawe her arme, where purest lillies cleaue. 105

NICO.

She once starke nak'd did bathe a little tine ;  
But still, me thought, with beauties from her fell, skin  
She did the waters wash,<sup>2</sup> and make more fine.

PAS.

She once, to coole her selfe, stood in a well ;  
But euer since that well is well besought, 110  
And for rose-water sould of rarest smell.

NICO.

To riuer's banke being on walking brought,  
She bad me spie her babie in the brooke.  
Alas, said I, this babe<sup>3</sup> dooth nurce my thought.

<sup>2</sup> A conceit, found later in Crashaw, and elsewhere—in Crashaw with reference to Pilate's washing his hands.

<sup>3</sup> =generally the semblance of an infant, *i. e.* a doll: here, her semblance in the brook, as shown by next line = reflection-picture.

PAS.

As in a glasse I held she once did looke, 115  
I said, my hands well paide her for mine eyes,  
Since in my hands' selfe goodly sight she tooke.

NICO.

O, if I had a ladder for the skies,  
I would climbe vp, and bring a prettie starre,  
To weare<sup>4</sup> vpon her necke, that open lies. 120

PAS.

O, if I had Apollo's golden carre,  
I would come downe, and yeeld to her my place,  
That, shining now, she then might shine more farre.

NICO.

Nothing, O Leuca, shall thy name deface, 124  
While shepheards' tunes be heard, or rimes be read,  
Or while that shepheards loue a louely face.

PAS.

Thy name, O Cosma, shall with praise be spread  
As farre as any shepheards piping be,  
As farre as Loue possesseth any head.

<sup>4</sup> Probably, in causal sense, to cause her to wear.

NICO.

Thy monument is layd in many a tree,                   130  
With name engrau'd ; so, though thy bodie die,  
The after-folkes shall wonder still at thee.

PAS.

So oft these woods haue heard me Cosma crie,  
That after death, to heau'n in woods' resound,                   noun  
With Echoe's help, shall Cosma Cosma flie.                   135

NICO.

Peace, peace, good Pas ; thou weeriest euen the ground  
With sluttish song : I pray thee learne to blea,  
For good thou mayst yet prooue in sheepish sound.

PAS.

My father hath at home a prettie iay ;                   139  
Goe winne of him, for chattering, praise or shame ;  
For so yet of a conquest speake thou may.

NICO.

Tell me (and be my Pan) the monsters's name  
That hath foure legs, and with two onely goes ;  
That hath foure eyes, and onely two can frame.

PAS.

Tell me (and Phoebus be) what monster growes                   145  
With so strong liues, that bodie cannot rest  
In ease, vntill that bodie life forgoes.

DICUS.

Enough, enough ; so ill hath done the best,  
 That since the hauing them to neither's due,  
 Let cat and dog fight which shall haue both you. 150

xxx. *Strephon and Klaius.*

STREPHON.

YE gote-heard<sup>s</sup> Gods, that loue the grassie moun-  
 taines ;  
 Ye Nymphs, that haunt the springs in pleasant vallies ;  
 Ye Satyrs, ioy'd with free and quiet forrests,—  
 Vouchsafe your silent eares to plaining musicke,  
 Which to my woes giue still an early morning, 5  
 And drawes the dolor on till weary euening.

KLAIVS.

O Mercurie, foregoer to the euening ;  
 O heauenly huntresse of the sauage mountaines ;  
 O louely star, entitled of the morning,—  
 While that my voyce doth fill these wofull vallies, 10  
 Vouchsafe your silent eares to plaining musicke,  
 Which oft hath Echo tyr'd in secret forrests.

<sup>s</sup> There may be a pun here on goat-hair'd (hair is not unfrequently spelled 'heare') and goat-herd.



STREPHON.

I, that was once free burgesse of the forrests,  
Where shade from sunne, and sports I sought at euen-  
ing ;

I, that was once esteem'd for pleasant musicke, 15  
Am banisht now among the monstrous mountaines  
Of huge despaire and foule affliction's vallies,  
Am growne a shrich-owle to my selfe each morning.

[screech-owl]

KLAIUS.

I, that was once delighted euery morning,  
Hunting the wilde inhabitants of the forrests ; 20  
I, that was once the musicke of these vallies,  
So darkened am, that all my day is euening,  
Hart-broken so, that molehilles seeme high mountaines,  
And fill the vales with cries in stead of musicke.

STREPHON.

Long since, alas, my deadly swannish musicke 25  
Hath made itselfe a crier of the morning,  
And hath with wailing strength clim'd highest moun-  
taines ;  
Long since my thoughts more desert be than forrests ;  
Long since I see my ioyes come to their euening,  
And state throwhe downe to ouertroden vallies. 30

**KLAIUS.**

Long since the happie dwellers of these vallies  
Haue pray'd me leaue my straunge exclaiming musicke  
Which troubles their daye's worke and ioyes of euening ;  
Long since I hate the night, more hate the morning ;  
Long since my thoughts chase me like beasts in for-  
rests, 35  
And make me wish my selfe laide vnder mountaines.

**STREPHON.**

Meseemes I see the high and stately mountaines  
 Transforme themselues to low deieted vallies ;  
 Meseemes I heare in these ill-changed forrests  
 The nightingales doe learne of owles their musike : 40  
 Meseemes I feele the comfort of the morning  
 Turn'd to the mortall serene<sup>6</sup> of an euening.

<sup>6</sup> 'serene.' Fr. *serain* and *serain*, 'faire, cleare, calm, or open weather: also the mildew, or harmfull dew of some summer evenings' (Cotgrave). The second sense is due to the fact of dew falling heavily on such 'faire' evenings, and becoming—in aguish and marsh-fever countries—impregnated with the fever poison. Italian, *serena*. Ben Jonson uses the word.

In the context the present poem is described as 'a double Sestina': Sestina = a stanza of six rhyming lines in lyrical verse. Otherwise a lyrical song of six stanzas of six eleven-syllable lines in each stanza, the last words of which are the same in each

## KLAIUS.

Meseemes I see a filthy-cloudie euening,  
As soone as sunne begins to climbe the mountaines ;  
Meseemes I feele a noysome sent, the morning scent 45  
When I doo smell the flowers of these vallies ;  
Meseemes I heare, when I doo heare sweet musicke,  
The dreadfull cries of murdered men in forrests.

## STREPHON.

I wish to fire the trees of all those forrests ;  
I giue the sunne a last farewell each euening ; 50  
I curse the fidling finders out of musicke ;

stanza, with a repetition or tail of three lines only, which contain the six final words of each stanza, as see the three separate lines at end of this double Sestina. The first line, again, of each succeeding stanza ends with the word that ends the last line of the stanza before it (Vauzon, Dizion. Univ. de Ling. Ital.). This Sestina has the further peculiarity, that numbering the lines of the first stanza as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, the second stanza uses their final words in its 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 lines in this order—6, 1-5, 2-4, 3 ; and then stanza iii. uses those of stanza ii. in the same order—giving the further permutation, 3, 6-4, 1-2, 5. By this means, they return in stanza vii. (the beginning of the second set of six) to their original order, 1-6, again to go through the same changes. The tail-bit of three separate lines contains all the six words in their original reference.

With enuie I doo hate the loftie mountaines,  
And with despite despise the humble vallies ;  
I doo detest night, euening, day, and morning.

**KLAIUS.**

Curse, to my selfe my praier is, the morning ; 55  
My fire is more then can be made with forrests ;  
My state more base then are the basest vallies ;  
I wish no euenings more to see, each euening ;  
Shamed I hate my selfe in sight of mountaines,  
And stop mine eares, lest I grow mad with musicke. 60

**STREPHON.**

For she whose parts maintaine a perfect musicke,  
Whose beautie shin'd more then the blushing morning,  
Who much did 'passe in state the stately mountaines,  
In straightnesse past the cedars of the forrests,  
Hath cast me, wretch, into eternall euening, 65  
By taking her two sunnes from these darke vallies.

**KLAIUS.**

For she to whome compar'd the Alps are vallies,  
She whose least word brings from the spheares their  
musick,  
At whose approach the sunne rose in the euening,  
Who where she went bare in her forehead morning, 70

Is gone, is gone from these our spoyled forrests,  
Turning to desarts our best-pastur'd mountaines.

STREPHON.

These mountaines witnesse shall, so shal these vallies,  
These forrests eke, made wretched by our musicke,

KLAIUS.

Our morning hymne is this, and song at euening. 75  
(pp. 219-221.)

xxx1. *A Crown of Dizaines and Pendent :<sup>7</sup> Strephon  
and Klaius.*

STREPHON.

I IOY in grieve, and doe detest all ioyes ;  
Despise delight, am tyr'd with thought of ease ;  
I turne my minde to all formes of annoyes,  
And with the change of them my fancie please,

<sup>7</sup> A Crown of Dizaines, with a Pendent : Strephon and Klaius. The context designates this 'a dizaine,' which 'was answered vnto him in that kinde of verse which is called the crowne.' Dizaine is 'a tenth ; also a ditty of ten stanzas, or stanza of ten verses [=lines] ; also a paire [=set] of beads containing ten peeces or courses ; also a French penny' (Cotgrave). Here Sidney seems to use it for a song of ten stanzas of ten lines

I studie that which may me most displease ;                    5  
 And in despite of that displeasure's might,  
 Embrace that most that most my soule destroyes.  
 Blinded with beames, fell darknesse is my sight ;  
 Dwell in my ruines, feed with sucking smart,  
 I thinke from me, not from my woes to part.                    10

## KLAIUS.

I thinke from me, not from my woes to part,  
 And loath this time, call'd life, nay thinke that life  
 Nature to me for torment did impart ;  
 Thinke my hard haps haue blunted Death's sharpe knife,  
 Not sparing me, in whom his workes be rife ;                    15  
 And thinking this, thinke Nature, Life, and Death,  
 Place Sorowe's triumph on my conquered heart :  
 Where to I yeeld, and seeke none other breath  
 But from the sent of some infectious graue ;                    scent  
 Nor of my fortune ought but mischief craue.                    20

## STREPHON.

Nor of my fortune ought but mischief craue,  
 And seeke to nourish that which now contains  
 All what I am : if I my selfe will saue,

each, and pendent. We have an example of the 'Crowne' in  
 DONNE, as before (our edition, vol. ii. pp. 276-81).

Then must I saue what in me chiefly raines,       reigns  
 Which is the hatefull web of sorrowe's paines.       25  
 Sorrow, then, cherish me, for I am sorow ;  
 No being now but sorrow I can haue ;  
 Then decke me as thine owne ; thy helpe I borow,  
 Since thou my riches art, and that thou haste  
 Enough to make a fertil mind lye waste.       30

KLAIUS.

Enough to make a fertill minde lye wast,  
 Is that huge storme which powres it selfe on me :  
 Hailestones of teares, of sighs,<sup>8</sup> a monstrous blast,  
 Thunders of cries, lightnings my wilde lookes be,  
 The darkened heav'n mysoule, which nought can see, 35  
 The flying sprits which trees by roots vp teare,       spirits  
 Be those despaire which haue my hopes quite wast.  
 The difference is, all folkes those stormes forbear,  
 But I cannot ; who then my selfe should flie,  
 So close vnto my selfe my wrackes doe lie.       40

STREPHON.

So close vnto my selfe my wrackes doo lie,  
 Both cause, effect, beginning, and the ende  
 Are all in me : what helpe, then, can I trie ?

<sup>8</sup> Usually misprinted ' sight.'

My ship my selfe, whose course to loue doth bend,  
 Sore beaten doth her mast of comfort spend ; 45  
 Her cable, Reason, breakes from anchor, Hope ;  
 Fancie, her tackling, torne away doth flie ;  
 Ruine, the wind, hath blowne her from her scope,  
 Brusèd with waues of cares, but broken is  
 On rocke, Despaire, the buriall of my blisse. 50

KLAIUS.

On rocke, Despaire, the buriall of my blisse,  
 I long doe plowe with plough of deepe desire :  
 The seede fast meaning is, no truth to misse ;  
 I harow it with thoughts, which all conspire  
 Fauour to make my chiefe and onely hire. 55  
 But woe is me, the yeare is gone about,  
 And now I faine would reape, I reape but this,<sup>9</sup>  
 Hatefully-growne Absence new sprong out.  
 So that I see,—although my sight empaire,—  
 Vaine is their paine who labour in despaire. 60

<sup>9</sup> This is obscure. Even 'ruth' for 'truth' does not altogether clear it. Nor can I see the meaning of a capital in 'Fast,' as usually. Is 'no truth to misse' a sub-explanatory apology for so describing what the 'seede' is? Line 87, 'hent': misprinted 'bent'—took (Facrie Queene, b. ii. c. ii. st. i.: Shakespeare frequently).



STREPHON.

Vaine is their paine who labour in despaire,  
For so did I, when with my angle Will  
I sought to catch the fish torpedo faire.  
Eu'n then Despaire did Hope alreadie kill,  
Yet fancie would perforce employ his skill, 65  
And this hath got ; the catcher now is caught,  
Lam'd with the angle which it selfe did beare,  
And vnto death, quite drownd in dolours, brought  
To death, as then disguise in her faire face :  
Thus, thus, alas, I had my losse in chase. 70

KLAIUS.

Thus, thus, alas, I had my losse in chase,  
When first that crownèd basiliske I knew,  
Whose footsteps I with kisses oft did trace,  
Till, by such hap as I must euer rue,  
Mine eyes did light vpon her shining hue, 75  
And hers on me, astonisht with that sight :  
Since then my heart did lose his wonted place,  
Infected so with her sweet poyson's might,  
That, leauing me for dead, to her it went :  
But, ah, her flight hath my dead reliques spent. 80

STREPHON.

But, ah, her flight hath my dead reliques spent,  
Her flight from me, from me, though dead to me, to myself

Yet liuing still in her, while her beames lent  
Such vitall sparke that her mine eyes might see.  
But now those liuing lights absented be, 85  
Full dead before, I now to dust should fall,  
But that eternall paines my soule haue hent,  
And keepe it still within this body thrall ;  
That thus I must while in this death I dwell,  
In earthly fetters feele a lasting hell. 90

KLAIUS.

In earthly fetters feele a lasting hell,  
Alas, I doo, from which to finde release,  
I would the earth, I would the heauens fell ;  
But vaine it is to thinke these paines should cease,  
Where life is death, and death cannot breed peace.  
O faire, O onely faire, from thee, alas, 95  
These foule, most foule disasters to me fell,  
Since thou from me—O me !—O sunne, didst passe.  
Therefore esteeming all good blessings toyes,  
I ioy in griefe, and doe detest all ioyes.

STREPHON.

I ioy in griefe, and doe detest all ioyes. 100  
But now an end, O Klaius ; now an end :  
For euen the hearbes our hatefull musicke 'stroyes,  
And from our burning breath the trees doe bend.

(pp. 221-4.)

XXXII. *Geron and Philisides.*<sup>1</sup>

GERON.

VP, vp, Philisides, let sorrowes go ;  
 Who yeelds to woe doth but encrease his smart.  
 Do not thy heart to plaintfull custome bring,  
 But let vs sing,—sweet tunes doe passions ease ;  
 An old man heare, who would thy fancies raise. 5

PHILISIDES.

Who minds to please the mind drown'd in annoyes  
 With outward ioyes, which inlie cannot sinke,  
 As well may thinke with oyle to coole the fire ;  
 Or with desire to make such foe a frend,  
 Who doth his soule to endlesse malice bend. 10

GERON.

Yet sure an end to each thing time doth giue ;  
 Though woes now liue, at length thy woes must die.  
 Then vertue trie, if she can worke in thee

<sup>1</sup> This, except the first line of the first stanza, and the fifth line of all, is in the double five rhyming heroic verse before described. This form exists in stanzas of five lines each, and is continued in l. 26, this being the transition line. It is also found in l. 32, but perhaps occurs there by accident or oversight.

That which we see in manie time hath wrought,  
And weakest hearts to constant temper brought. 15

PHILISIDES.

Whoever taught a skillesse man to teach,  
Or stop a breach that neuer cannon saw ?  
Sweet vertue's law barres not a causefull mone :  
Time shall in one my life and sorrowes end,  
And me perchaunce your constant temper lend. 20

GERON.

What can amend where physicke is refusde ?  
The wit's abusde which will no counsayle take. is  
Yet for my sake discouer vs thy grieffe ;  
Oft comes reliefe when most we seeme in trap ;  
The starres thy state, Fortune may change thy hap. 25

PHILISIDES.

If Fortune's lappe became my dwelling place,  
And all the starres conspirèd to my good,  
Still were I one, this still should be my case,  
Ruine's relique, care's web, and sorrowe's food :  
Since she, faire-fierce, to such a state me calls, 30  
Whose wit the starres, whose fortune Fortune thralls.



And thinke she is a she<sup>4</sup> that doth thee moue.  
 He water plowes, and soweth in the sand,  
 And hopes the flickring winde with net to hold,  
 Who hath his hopes laid vpon woman's hand. 55  
 What man is he that hath his freedome solde !  
 Is he a manlike man that doth not know man  
 Hath power that sex with bridle to with-hold ?  
 A fickle sex, and true in trust to no man ;  
 A seruant sex, soone proud if they be coy'd :<sup>5</sup> 60  
 And to conclude, thy mistresse is a woman.

## PHILISIDES.

O Gods, how long this old foole hath annoy'd  
 My wearied eares ! O Gods, yet graunt me this,  
 That soone the world of his false tongue be void.  
 O noble age, who place their onely blisse 65  
 In being heard vntill the hearer dye,  
 Vttring a serpent's mind with serpent's hisse !  
 Then who will heare a well-autorisde lye, authorised  
 And patience hath, let him goe learne of him  
 What swarmes of vertues did in his youth flye ; 70  
 Such hearts of brasse, wise heads, and garments trim,  
 Were in his dayes : which heard, one nothing heares,

<sup>4</sup> = a woman : I follow here '98.<sup>5</sup> = made easy.

If from his words the falshood he do skim.  
 And herein most their folly vaine appeares, 74  
 That since they still alledge,—When they were yong.  
 It shewes they fetch their wit from youthfull years,  
 Like beast for sacrifice,—where, saue the tong  
 And belly, nought is left : such sure is he,  
 This life-dead man in this old dungeon flong.  
 Old houses are throwne downe for new, we see ; 80  
 The oldest rammes are cullèd from the flocke ;  
 No man doth wish his horse should agèd be ;  
 The ancient oke well makes a firèd blocke ;  
 Old men themselues doe loue yong wiues to choose,  
 Onely fond youth admires a rotten stocke. 85  
 Who once a white long beard well handle does,  
 (As his beard him, not he his beard did beare,)  
 Though cradle-witted,<sup>6</sup> must not honour lose !  
 Oh, when will men leaue off to iudge by haire,  
 And thinke them old that haue the oldest mind, 90  
 With vertue fraught and full of holy feare !

<sup>6</sup> Robert Fergusson—precursor of Robert Burns—in his *Farmer's Ingle* (on which the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' was modelled) thus finely apologises for the weaknesses of old age:

'The mind's aye *cradled* when the grave is near.'

## GERON.

If that thy face were hid, or I were blinde,  
 I yet should know a young man speaketh now ;  
 Such wandering reasons in thy speech I finde.  
 He is a beast that beaste's vse will allow 95  
 For prooffe of man, who, sprung from heau'nly fire,  
 Hath strongest soule when most his raynes doe bow. [him  
 But, fondlings fond, know not your owne desire ;  
 Loth to dye young (and then you must be old),  
 Fondly blame that to which your selues aspire. 100  
 But this light choler, that doth make you bold  
 Rather to wrong then vnto iust defence, than  
 Is past with me—my bloud is waxed cold :  
 Thy words, though full of malapert offence,  
 I way them not, but still with thee aduise weigh 105  
 How thou from foolish loue maist purge thy sense.  
 First thinke they erre that thinke them gayly wise  
 Who well can set a passion out to shew :  
 Such sight haue they that see with goggling eyes.  
 Passion beares high when puffing wit doth blowe, 110  
 But is indeed a toy : if not a toy,  
 True cause of euils, and cause of causelesse woe.  
 If once thou maist that fancie-glosse destroy  
 Within thy selfe, thou soone wilt be ashamed



To be a player of thine owne annoy. 115  
Then let thy mind with better bookes be tamed ;  
Seeke to espie her faults, as well as praise,  
And let thine eyes to other sportes be framed.  
In hunting fearefull beasts doe spend some dayes,  
Or catch the birds with pitfals or with lyme, 120  
Or traine the foxe that traines so craftie layes.  
Lie but to sleepe, and in the earlie prime  
Seeke skill of herbes in hilles, haunt brookes neare  
night,  
And trie with bayt how fish will bite sometime.  
Go graft againe, and seeke to graft them right, 125  
Those pleasant plants, those sweet and fruitfull trees,  
Which both the palate and the eyes delight ;  
Cherish the hiues of wisely-painfull bees ;  
Let speciall care vpon thy flocke be staid :  
Such actiue mind but seldome passion sees. 130

## PHILISIDES.

Hath any man heard what this old man said ?  
Truly not I, who did my thoughts engage  
Where all my paines, one looke of her hath paid.

(pp. 224-7.)

XXXIII. *Geron and Mastix.*

GERON.

DOWNE, downe, Melampus! what, your fellow bite!

I set you ore the flocke I dearely loue,  
 Them to defend, not with your selues to fight.  
 Doe you not thinke this will the wolues remoue  
 From former feare they had of your good minds, 5  
 When they shall such diuided weakenesse proue?  
 What if Lælaps a better morsell find  
 Than you earst knew? rather take part with him  
 Than iarle.—Lo, lo, euen these how enuie blindes!—  
 And thou, Lælaps, let not pride make thee brim, 10  
 Because thou hast thy fellow ouergone,  
 But thanke the cause—thou seest, where he is dim.  
 Here, Lælaps, here! indeed, against the foen<sup>7</sup>  
 Of my good sheepe thou neuer truce-time tooke:  
 Be as thou art, but be with mine at one: 15  
 For though Melampus like a wolfe do looke—  
 For age doth make him of a woluish hew—  
 Yet haue I seene when well a wolfe he shooke.—  
 Foole that I am, that with my dogges speake grew!<sup>8</sup>—

<sup>7</sup> =foe, as elsewhere. See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>8</sup> 'spake grew.' Nares, giving this passage, says, it 'seems to

Come neere, good Mastix—'tis now full tway score 20  
 Of yeaeres, alas, since I good Mastix knew !—  
 Thou heardst euen now a yong man sneb<sup>9</sup> me sore  
 Because I red <sup>1</sup> him, as I would my sonne :  
 Youth will haue will ; age must to age therefore.

## MASTIX.

What maruell if in youth such faults be done, 25  
 Since that we see our saddest<sup>2</sup> shepheards out,

be put for the Greek term *γῆν*, i. e. any trifling or very worthless matter.' But this seems far-fetched, and the sense does not fit the context. Of our 'grieve,' Fr. *grever*, and Anglo-Norman *greve* (Halliwell), we have the Lincolnshire form *grue*, and the archaic *grewend*, *grieving* (Halliwell). Taking the senses in which the French *grever* is used, and our *grievous*, to *vex*, annoy, hurt, 'grew' would, if so derived, mean *vexingly*. Again—and perhaps connected with the root *grever*—we have in modern German various words of the root *grau*, as *graus*, n. horror, adj. horrible, dreadful, awful ; and *grausam*, cruel, fierce, horrible, which agrees with North of England and Scotch *gruesome*. 'Grew,' so derived, would give the sense of *cruelly*, *threateningly*, &c. Lastly, it may be of the root of *rough*, *bruh*, and *ruh*, Anglo-Saxon—German, *rauh*—signifying both *rough* and *gruff* ; and this is rendered likely by the analogy of *gruff*. The sense thus obtained of *roughly*, *gruffly*, *surlily*, &c. inclines me to assign it as the meaning here.

<sup>9</sup> = snub. So Spenser, '*snebbe* the good oak' (S. Col. l. 126)  
 —to chide or revile.

<sup>1</sup> = as we say colloquially, gave him a talking to, read him a lesson.

<sup>2</sup> = gravest.

Who haue their lesson so long time begonne?  
 Quickly secure, and easilie in doubt,  
 Either asleepe be all if nought assaile,  
 Or all abroade if but a cub start out. 30  
 We shepherds are like them that vnder saile  
 Doe speake high words when all the coast is cleare,  
 Yet to a passenger will bonnet vaile. dip  
 I con thee thanke<sup>3</sup> to whom thy dogges be deare,  
 But commonly like cures we them entreat, 35  
 Saue when greate need of them perforce appeare;  
 Then him we kisse whom late before we beatt,  
 With such intemperance, that each way growes  
 Hate of the first, contempt of latter feate,  
 And such discord 'twixt greatest shepheards flowes, 40  
 That sport it is to see with how great arte  
 By iustice' worke they their owne faults disclose.  
 Like busie boyes, to win their tutor's heart,  
 One saith he mockes, the other saith he playes,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> 'con thee thanke.' So, 'Freind Hoggarde, I *can* you thanke, that you have learned somewhat at Father Latimer's sermons' (Mayor's Nic. Ferrar, p. 116).

<sup>4</sup> —the monitor or other says this of one whom he overlooks. The next clause is made ambiguous by Sidney's not unfrequent omissions of pronouns and particles. It may be the sense is—One or other of the two monitors says of a third—the third, his

The third his lesson mist ; till all doe smart. 45  
 As for the rest, how shepheards spend their dayes,  
 At blow-point, hot-cockles, or else at keeles,  
 While ' Let vs passe our time,' each shepherd sayes !  
 So small account of time the shepherd feeles,  
 And doth not feele that life is nought but time, 50  
 And when that time is past, death holds his heeles.  
 To age thus do they draw their youthfull prime,  
 Knowing no more then what poore tryall showes ;  
 As fish sure tryall hath of muddie slime !  
 This paterne good vnto our children goes ; 55  
 For what they see their parents loue or hate,  
 Their first-caught sence prefers to teachers' blows.  
 These coklings cokred we bewaile too late,  
 When that we see our offspring gaily bent, 59  
 Women man-wood, and men effeminate. wild like men

GERON.

Fy, man, fy, man, what words hath thy tongue lent !  
 Yet thou art mickle warse<sup>s</sup> then ere was I ;

lesson mist ; or we may interpret it, the third [tale-bearer says]  
 —his lesson mist, where we must supply [he] his or 'his or—his  
 lesson [is] mist, in accordance with the rule which frequently  
 omits the substantive verb when the participle in -ed is used.

<sup>s</sup> 'mickle' = much: *Scoticè* 'muckle': 'warse,' *Scoticè* for  
 'worse.'

Thy too much zeale I feare thy braine hath spent.  
 We oft are angrier with the feeble flie  
 For businesse where it pertaines him not, 65  
 Then with the poisonous todes that quiet lie.  
 I pray thee, what hath ere the parret got?—  
 And yet they say he talkes in great men's bowers,—  
 A cage (gilded perchance) is all his lot.  
 Who of his tongue the lickour gladly powrs, 70  
 A good foole call'd with paine perhaps may be,  
 But euen for that shall suffer mightie lowers.  
 Let swanne's example siker serue for thee, rather  
 Who once all birdes in sweetly singing past, 74  
 But now to silence turn'd his minstrelsie. [is] turn'd  
 For he nould<sup>6</sup> sing, but others were defaste;  
 The peacock's pride, the pye's pild flatterie,  
 Cormorant's glut, kite's spoile, king-fisher's waste,  
 The faulcon's fiercenesse, sparrowe's letcherie,  
 The coockowe's shame, the goose's good intent, 80

<sup>6</sup> 'nould': some texts 'would,' and some 'could,' and Dublin edition 'nould' = ne would, willed not, or rather never willed to sing, never did sing, that he did not satirise others. Cf. Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, b. i. c. vi. st. 17). It is 'would' in '98. I have adopted 'nould.'

Euen turtle toucht he with hypocrisie,                      dove  
And worse of other more ; till, by assent  
Of all the birds, but namely those were grieued,      chiefly  
Of fowles there callèd was a parliament.  
There was the swan of dignitie depriued,                      85  
And statute made he neuer should haue voyce ;  
Since when I thinke he hath in silence liued.  
I warne thee, therefore, since thou maist haue choice,  
Let not thy tounge become a firy match ; <sup>7</sup>  
No sword so bites as that euill toole annoyes.                      90  
Let our vnpartiall eyes a little watch  
Our owne demeane, and soone we wonder shall,  
That hunting faultes, our selues wee did not catch.  
Into our mindes let vs a little fall,  
And we shall finde more spots than leopard's skin.      95  
Then who makes vs such iudges ouer all ?  
But farewell now, thy fault is no great sinne.—  
Come, come, my cures, 'tis late, I will go in.

(pp. 227-9.)

<sup>7</sup> —flint-stock, or piece of rope (for cannon).

XXXIV. *Philisides and Echo.*

FAIRE rocks, goodly riuers, sweet woods, when shall

I see peace? *Peace.*

Peace ! what barres me my tongue? who is it that comes  
me so ny? *I.*

Oh, I do know what guest I haue met, it is Echo. 'Tis  
*Echo.*

Well met, Echo, approch ; then tell me thy will too. *I*  
*will too.*—

Echo, what do I get yeelding my sprite to my grieues?  
*Grieues.* 5

What medicine may I find for a grieve that drawes me  
to death? *Death.*

O poisonous medicine ! what worse to me can be than  
it? *It.*

In what state was I then, when I tooke this deadly  
disease? *Ease.*

And what manner a mind which had to that humor a  
vaine? *Vaine.*

Hath not reason enough vehemence the desire to re-  
proue? *Proue.* 10

Oft proue I : but what salue, when reason seekes to be  
gone? *One.*



Oh,<sup>8</sup> what is 'it? what is 'it that may be a salue to my  
loue? *Loue.*

What doe louers seeke for, long seeking for to enioy?  
*Ioy.*

What be the ioyes which for to enioy they went to the  
paines? *Paines.*

Then to an earnest loue what doth best victorie lend?  
*End.*

15

End ! but I can neuer end, Loue will not giue me leaue?  
*Leaue.*

How be the minds dispos'd that cannot taste thy phy-  
sicke? *Sicke.*

Yet say againe thy aduise for th' euils that I told thee?  
*I told thee.*

Doth th' infected wretch of his harme th' extremitie  
know? *No.*

But if he know not his harms, what guides hath he  
whilst he be blind? *Blind.*

20

What blinde guides can he haue that leanes to fancie?  
*A fancy.*

Can fancies want eyes, or he fall that steppeth aloft?  
*Oft.*

<sup>8</sup> I punctuate 'as it' as =is't, for scansion. 'Oh what' | must be a spondee, and then we must read | is't ! What | .

What causes first made these torments on me to light?

*Light.*

Can then a cause be so light that forceth a man to go  
die? *Ay.*<sup>9</sup>

Yet tell what light thing I had in me to draw me to  
die? *Eye.*

Ey-sight made me to yeeld ; but what first pierct to my  
eies? *Eyes.*

Eies hurters, eies hurt ; but what from them to me  
falles? *Falles.*

But when I first did fall, what brought most fall to my  
heart? *Art.*

Art ! what can be that art that thou dost meane by thy  
speech? *Speech.*

What be the fruits of speaking art ? what growes by  
the words? *Words.* 30

O, much more then words : those words seru'd more  
me to blesse. *Lesse.*

Oh, when shall I be knowne where most to be knowne  
I do long? *Long.*

Long be thy woes for such newes ; but how reckes she  
my thoughts? *Oughts.*

I venture to correct here the misprint 'yea.'

Then, then, what do I gaine, since vnto her will I doe  
winde? *Winde.*

Winde, tempests, and stormes, yet in ende what giues  
she desire? *Ire.* 35

Silly rewarde! yet among women hath she of vertue  
the most. *Most.*

What great name may I giue to so heau'nly a woman?  
*A wo-man.*

Wo but seemes to me ioy, that agrees to my thought  
so. *I thought so.*

Thinke so, for of my desired blisse it is only the course.  
*Curse.*

Curs'd be thy selfe for cursing that which leades me to  
ioyes. *Toyes.* 40

What be the sweet creatures where lowly demands be  
not heard? *Hard.*

What makes them be vnkind? speake, for th' hast nar-  
rowly pry'de? *Pride.*

Whence can pride come there, since springs of beautie  
be thence? *Thence.*

Horrible is this blasphemy vnto the most holy. *O lie.*

Thou li'st, false Echo! their minds as vertue be iust.  
*Iust.* 45

Mock'st thou those diamonds which only be matcht by  
the gods? *Ods.*

Ods ! what an ods is there ! since them to the heau'ns  
I preferre. *Erre.*

Tell yet againe me the names of these faire form'd to  
doe euils ? *Deuills.*<sup>1</sup>

Deuils ! if in hell such deuils<sup>2</sup> do abide, to the hell I  
doe go. *Goe.* (pp. 230-1.)

xxxv. *Zelmane* (Anacreontics).

MY Muse, what ailes this ardour  
To blase my onely secrets? blazon  
Alas, it is no glory  
To sing mine owne decaid state ;  
Alas, it is no comfort 5  
To speake without an answer ;

<sup>1</sup> In accord with his usual practice (see 'driuell,' xix. l. 43), Sidney makes | euills Deuills | a spondee. Though how it is to be pronounced as such, it is difficult to understand, the less so as Echo must repeat brokenly Philisides' words, 'doe euills.' Sidney seems to have taken the license of writing for the eye, not for the ear, which other of our elder Poets did.

<sup>2</sup> Our text (1613) misprints 'deiuil' for 'deuills' (ii.) and 'hells' for 'hell'—the 's' misplaced.

Alas, it is no wisdom  
 To shew the wound without cure.

My Muse, what ailes this ardour ?  
 Mine eyes be dim, my lymes shake,                    10  
 My voice is hoarse, my throate scorcht,  
 My tong to this my rooffe cleaues,  
 My fancy 'amazde, my thoughts dull'd,  
 My hart doth ake, my life faints,  
 My soule beginnes to take leaue.                    15  
 So great a passion all feele,  
 To thinke a soare so deadly  
 I should so rashly rip vp.

My Muse, what ailes this ardour ?  
 If that to sing thou art bent,                    20  
 Go sing the fall of old Thebes,  
 The warres of ougly Centaures,  
 The life, the death of Hector ;  
 So may the song be famous :  
 Or if to loue thou art bent,                    25  
 Recount the rape of Europe,  
 Adonis' end, Venus' net,  
 The sleepe kisse the Moone stale ;  
 So may the song be pleasant.

- 
- My Muse, what ailes this ardour 30  
To blase my only secrets ?  
Wherein doe only flourish  
The sorie fruits of anguish.  
The song thereof aye last will,  
The tunes be cryes, the words plaints ; 35  
The singer is the song's theame,  
Wherein no eare can haue ioy,  
Nor eye receiue due object,  
Ne pleasure here, ne fame get.
- My Muse, what ailes this ardour ? 40  
Alas, she saith I am thine !  
So are thy paines my paines too.  
Thy heated hart my seat is,  
Wherein I burne ; thy breath is  
My voyce, too hot to keepe in. 45  
Besides, loe, here the author  
Of all thy harmes : lo, here she,  
That onely can redresse thee,  
Of her will I demaund help.
- My Muse, I yeeld ; my Muse, sing ; 50  
But all thy song herein knit.  
The life we lead is all loue,

The loue we hold is all death ;  
 Nor ought I craue to feed life,  
 Nor ought I seeke to shun death, 55  
 But onely that my goddesse  
 My life, my death doe count hers. (pp. 232-3.)

xxxvi. *Basilus* (Phaleuciakes).

REASON, tell me thy mind, if here be reason,  
 In this strange violence, to make resistance,  
 Where sweet graces erect the stately banner  
 Of Vertue's regiment, shining in harnesse government  
 Of Fortune's diadems, by Beauty mustred :  
 Say, then, Reason, I say, what is thy counsell ?

Her loose haire be the shot, the brests the pikes be,  
 Skowts each motion is, the hands be horsemen,  
 Her lips are the riches the warres to maintaine,  
 Where well-couched abides a coffer of pearle, 10  
 Her legges carriage is of all the sweet campe :  
 Say, then, Reason, I say, what is thy counsell ?

Her cannons be her eyes, mine eyes the walls be,  
 Which at first voly gaue too open entrie ; [rampire or rampart  
 Nor ramper did abide, my braine was vp blowne, 14

Vndermin'd with a speech, the piercer of thoughts ;  
 Thus weakned by myselfe, no helpe remaineth :  
 Say, then, Reason, I say, what is thy counsell ?

And now fame, the herald of her true honour,  
 Doth proclaime with a sound made all by men's mouths,  
 That Nature, soueraine of earthly dwellers, 21  
 Commands all creatures to yeeld obeysance  
 Vnder this, this her owne, her only dearling :  
 Say, then, Reason, I say, what is thy counsell ?

Reason sighes, but in end he thus doth answer : 25  
 Nought can reason auaile in heauenly matters.  
 Thus, Nature's diamond, receiue thy conquest ;  
 Thus, pure pearle, I do yeeld my senses and soule ;  
 Thus, sweete paine, I do yeeld what ere I yeeld.  
 Reason, looke to thy selfe ; I serue a goddessse. 30  
 (pp. 232-3.)

xxxvii. *Dorus*. (*Asclepiadikes*).

○ SWEET woods, the delight of solitarinesse !  
 O how much I do like your solitarinesse !  
 Where man's minde hath a freed consideration,





Nor courteous ruine of proffered vsurye,  
 Nor time pratled away, cradle of ignorance,  
 Nor causelesse dutie, nor comber of arrogance,  
 Nor trifling title of vanitie dazleth vs,  
 Nor golden manacles stand for a paradise ; 25  
 Here Wrong's name is vnheard, Slander a monster is ;  
 Keepe thy sprite from abuse, here no abuse doth haunt :  
 What man grafts in a tree, dissimulation ?

O sweete woods, the delight of solitarinesse !  
 O how well I doe like your solitarinesse ! 30  
 Yet, deare soile, if a soule clos'd in a mansion  
 As sweet as violets, faire as a lilly is,  
 Streight as a cedar, a voyce staines the canary-bird's,  
 Whose shade Safety doth hold, Danger auoideth her :  
 Such wisdom, that in her liues Speculation : 35  
 Such goodnesse, that in her Simplicities triumphs ;  
 Where Enuie's snakie eye winketh or else dyeth,  
 Slander wants a pretext, Flatterie gone beyond :  
 Oh, if such a one haue bent to a lonely life 39  
 Her steps, glad we receiue, glad we receiue her eyes :  
 And thinke not she doth hurt our solitarinesse,  
 For such company decks such solitarinesse.

(pp. 233-4.)

## xxxviii. 'Goodlie Cruel.'

VNTO a caitife wretch, whom long affliction holdeth,  
 and now fully beleeeues helpe to be quite perishèd,  
 Grant yet, grant yet a looke to the last monument of  
 his anguish,

O you (alas, so I finde !), cause of his only ruine !  
 Dread not a whit, O goodly cruell, that pitie may  
 enter

5

into thy heart by the sight of this Epistle I send,  
 And so refuse to behold of these strange wounds the  
 recitall,

least it might th' allure home to thy selfe to returne ;  
 Vnto thy selfe (I do meane those graces dwell so within  
 thee) <sup>5</sup>

gratefulnesse, sweetnesse, holy loue, hearty regard—  
 Such thing cannot I seeke (Despaire hath giu'n me my  
 answer,—

II

<sup>5</sup> The parenthetical clause here has a parenthesis within it. I have marked the latter only ; but it is rather difficult to say whether we should read :

'Unto thy self—I do mean, (those . . . thee) : '

or

'Unto thy self, (I do mean . . . thee) ; '

or

'Unto thyself, I do mean, (those . . . thee) '.

In no case, however, is the sense changed.

Despaire, most tragicall clause to a deadly request) ;  
Such thing cannot he hope that knows thy determinate  
hardnesse,—

hard like a rich marble ; hard, but a faire diamond.  
Can those eyes, that of eyes drown'd in most hearty  
flowing teares,— 15

teares, and teares of a man,—had no returne to re-  
morse ;

Can those eyes now yeeld to the kind conceit of a sorrow  
which inke only relates, but ne laments, ne replies ?  
Ah, that, that do I not conceiue, though that to my  
blisse were,

more than Nestor's yeares, more than a king's dia-  
deme. 20

Ah, that, that do I not conceiue ; to the heauen where  
a mouse climes

then may I hope t'achieue grace of a heauenly tygre.  
But, but, alas, like a man condemn'd doth craue to be  
heard speake,

not that he hopes for amends of the disaster he  
feeles, 24

But finding th' approach of death, with an inly relent-  
ing,  
giues an adieu to the world, as to his only delight ;

Right so my boyling heart, enflam'd with fire of a faire  
eye,

bubbling out doth breathe signes of his hugie do-  
lours,

Now that he findes to what end his life and loue be  
reseruèd,

and that he thence must part, where to liue only  
he liu'd. 30

O faire, O fairest, are such the triumphs to thy faire-  
nesse?

can death beautie become? must I be such monu-  
ment?

Must I be only the marke shall proue that Vertue is  
angry?

shall proue that fiercenesse can with a white doue  
abide?

Shall to the world appear that faith and loue be re-  
warded 35

with mortall disdaine, bent to vnendly reuenge?

Vnto reuenge! O sweete, on a wretch wilt thou be re-  
uengèd?

shall such high planets tend to the losse of a worme?

And to reuenge who do bend would in that kind be  
reuengèd, 39

as th' offence was done, and go beyond if he can.

All my offence was loue ; with loue, then, must I be  
chastned,  
and with more, by the lawes that to reuenge do be-  
long.

If that loue be a fault, more fault in you to be louely ;  
Loue neuer had me opprest, but that I saw to be  
lou'd.

You be the cause that I lou'd : what Reason blameth  
a shadow, 45  
that with a body 't goes ? since by a body it is.

If that loue you did hate, you should your beautie haue  
hidden ;

you should those faire eyes haue with a veile couered.  
But, foole, foole that I am, those eyes would shine from  
a darke caue ; 49

what veiles, then, do preuaile, but to a more miracle ?  
Or those golden locks, those locks which locke me to  
bondage,

torne, you should disperse vnto the blasts of a winde.  
But, foole, foole that I am, though I had but a hair of  
her head found,

eu'n as I am, so I should vnto that haire be a thrall.  
Or with faire hands' nayles (O hand, which nayles me  
to this death !) 55

you should haue your face, since loue is ill, blemishèd.

O wretch, what do I saye ! should that faire face be de-  
faced !

should my too-much sight cause so true a sun to be  
lost !

First let Cimmerian darkenesse be my onl' habitation,  
first be mine eyes puld out, first be my braine  
perishèd 60

Ere that I should consent to do so excessiue a dammage  
vnto the earth by the hurt of this her heauenly  
iewell.

O not, but such loue you say you could haue afforded,  
as might learne temp'rance void of a rage's euent.

O sweet simplicitie ! from whence should loue be so  
learnèd ? 65

vnto Cupid, that boy, shall a pedante be found ?

Well, but faultie I was : <sup>6</sup> reason to my passion yeelded,  
Passion vnto my rage, rage to a hastie reuenge.

But what's this for a fault, for which such faith be  
abolisht,

such faith, so stainelesse, inuiolate, violent ? 70

Shall I not, O may I not, thus yet refresh the remem-  
brance,

<sup>6</sup> The repetition and acknowledgment of one of her accusations.

what sweete ioyes I had once, and what a place I  
did hold ?

Shall I not once object that you, you graunted a fauour  
vnto the man whom now such miseries you award ?

Bend your thoughts to the dear sweet words which  
then to me giu'n were ; 75

thinke what a world is now, thinke who hath altered  
her heart.

What ! was I then worthy such good, now worthy such  
euill ?

now fled, then cherished ? then so nye, now so re-  
mote ?

Did not a rosèd breath, from lips rosie proceeding,  
say that I well should finde in what a care I was  
had ? 80

With much more : now what do I find but care to  
abhorre me,

Care that I sinke in grieve, care that I liue banishèd ?  
And banishèd do I liue, nor now will seeke a recou'rie,  
since so she will, whose will is to me more than a  
law. 84

If, then, a man in most ill case may giue you a farewell,  
farewell, long farewell, all my wo, all my delight.

(pp. 237-9.)



xxxix. *'Amphialus' Dreame.'*

NOW was our heau'nly vault depriuèd of the light  
 With sunne's depart ; and now the darkenesse of  
 the night

Did light those beamy stars, which greater light did  
 darke ;

Now each thing that enioy'd that firie quickning sparke  
 Which life is cald, were mou'd their spirits to repose,  
 And wanting vse of eyes, their eyes began to close. 6  
 A silence sweet each where with one consent embrac't  
 (A musique sweet to one in carefull musing plac't),  
 And mother Earth, now clad in mourning weeds, did  
 breath

A dull desire to kisse the image of our death : 10  
 When I, disgracèd wretch, not wretched then, did giue  
 My senses such reliefe as they which quiet liue,  
 Whose braines broyle not in woes, nor breasts with  
 beatings ake,

Which<sup>7</sup> Nature's praise are wont in safest home to take.  
 Far from my thoughts was ought whereto their minds  
 aspire, 15

Who vnder courtly pompes doe hatch a base desire ;

<sup>7</sup> So 1605 : misprinted 'With' in our text (1613).

Free all my powers were from those captiuing snares  
Which heau'nly-purest gifts defile with muddie cares ;  
Ne could my soule it selfe accuse of such a fault 19  
As tender conscience might with furious pangs assault ;  
But like the feeble flower whose stalke cannot sustaine  
His weightie top, his top downeward doth drooping  
                  leane ;

Or as the silly bird in well-acquainted nest  
Doth hide his head with cares but onely how to rest :  
So I, in simple course and vnintangled minde, 25  
Did suffer drowsie lids mine eyes, then cleare, to blinde,  
And, laying downe my head, did Nature's rule obserue ;  
They first their vse forgot, then fancies lost their force,  
Till deadly sleepe at length possest my liuing corse.  
A liuing corse I lay ; but, ah, my wakefull minde, 30  
Which, made of heau'nly stuffe, no mortall change doth  
                  blind,

Flew vp with freer wings, of fleshly bondage free,  
And hauing plac't my thoughts, my thoughts thus  
                  placèd me.

Me thought, nay sure I was, I was in fairest wood  
Of Samothea land,—a land which whilome stood 35  
An honour to the world, while honour was their end,  
And while their line of yeaes they did in vertue spend :  
But there I was, and there my calmie thoughts I fed



I, wretch, astonisht was, and thought the deathfull  
doome

Of heauen, of earth, of hell, of time and place was  
come :

59

But streight there issued forth two ladies (ladies sure  
They seemed to me), on whom did waite a virgin pure.  
Strange were the ladies' weedes, yet more vnfit than  
strange.

The first with cloths tuckt vp, as nymphes in woods  
doe range,

Tuckt vp euen with the knees, with bowe and arrowes  
prest ;<sup>9</sup>

ready

Her right arme naked was, discouered was her brest, 65  
But heauy was her pase, and such a meagre cheere, pace  
As litle hunting mind, God knowes, did there appeare.  
The other had with art more than our women know,  
As stuffe meant for the sale, set out to glaring show  
A wanton woman's face, and with curl'd knots had  
twin'd

70

Her haire, which by the helpe of painter's cunning  
shin'd.

<sup>9</sup> The construction is '[was] prest.'

When I such guests did see come out of such a house,  
The mountains great with child I thought brought forth  
a mouse.

But walking forth, the first thus to the second said :  
'Venus, come on,' said she : 'Diana, you are obaid.' 75  
Those names abasht me much, when those great names  
I heard,

Although their fame, me seemed, from truth had greatly  
iard. disagreed

As I thus musing stood, Diana cald to her 78  
The waiting nymph,—a nymph that did excell as farre  
All things that earst I saw, as orient pearles exceede  
That which their mother hight, or else their silly seede ;  
Indeed a perfect hew, indeed a sweet consent  
Of all those Graces' gifts the heauens haue euer lent :  
And so she was attir'd as one that did not prize  
Too much her peerelesse parts, nor yet could them de-  
spise. 85

But cald, she came apace ; a pace wherein did moue  
The band of beauties all, the little world of Loue,  
And bending humble eyes (O eyes, the summe of sight!),  
She waited mistresse' will, who thus disclos'd her  
spright :

'Sweet Mira mine,' quoth she, 'the pleasure of my  
mind, 90

In whom of all my rules the perfect proof I find ;  
 To only thee, thou seest, we graunt this speciall grace  
 Vs to attend in this most priuate time and place.  
 Be silent therefore now, and so be silent still  
 Of that thou seest; close vp in secret knot thy will.' 95  
 She answer'd was with looke and well-perform'd behest :  
 And Mira I admir'd ; her shape sunke in my brest.  
 But thus, with irefull eyes, and face that shooke with  
     spite,  
 Diana did begin : 'What mou'd me to inuite      99.  
 Your presence, sister deare, first to my moony speare,  
 And hither now vouchsafe to take with willing eare ?  
 I know, full well you know, what discord long hath  
     raign'd  
 Betwixt vs two ; how much that discord foule hath  
     stain'd  
 Both our estates, while each the other did depraue,  
 Prooffe speakes too much to vs, that feeling triall haue.  
 Our names are quite forgot, our temples are defac'd, 106  
 Our offrings spoil'd, our priests from priesthood are dis-  
     plac'd.  
 Is this the fruit of strife? those thousand churches hie,  
 Those thousand altars faire, now in the dust to lie ;  
 In mortall mindes our mindes but planets' names pre-  
     serue ;

No knees once bowed, forsooth ; for them, they say, we  
serue.

Are we their seruants growne ? no doubt a noble stay,<sup>1</sup>  
Celestiall powers to wormes, Ioue's children serue to  
clay !

But such, they say, we be: this praise our discord bred,  
While we for mutuall spite a striuing passion fed. 115  
But let vs wiser be ; and what foule discord brake,  
So much more strong againe let fastest concord make.  
Our yeares doe it require ; you see we both doe feele  
The weakning worke of Time's for euer whirling wheele.  
Although we be diuine, our grandsire Saturne is 120  
With Age's force decay'd, yet once the heauen was his.  
And now before we seeke by wise Apollo's skill  
Our young yeares to renew (for so he saith he will),  
Let vs a perfect peace betweene vs two resolute : 125  
Which least the ruinous want of gouernment dissolute,  
Let one the princesse be, to her the other yeeld,—  
For vaine equalitie is but Contention's field,—  
And let her haue the gifts that should in both remaine ;  
In her let beautie both and chastnesse fully raigne :  
So as, if I preuaile, you giue your gifts to me ; 130

<sup>1</sup> = no doubt [they are, men are] a noble stay or support.

If you, on you I lay what in my office be.  
Now resteth onely this, which of vs two is she  
To whom precedence shall of both accorded be.  
For that, so that you like, hereby doth lie a youth  
(She becknèd vnto me) as yet of spotlesse truth, 135  
Who may this doubt discernè ; for better wit than lot  
Becommeth vs : in vs fortune determines not.  
This crowne of amber faire (an amber crowne she held)  
To worthiest let him giue, when both he hath beheld ;  
And be it as he saith.' Venus was glad to heare 140  
Such proffer made, which she well shew'd with smiling  
cheare,

As though she were the same as when by Paris' doome  
She had chiefe Goddesses in beautie ouercome ;  
And smirkly thus gan say : ' I neuer sought debate,  
Diana deare ; my minde to loue, and not to hate, 145  
Was euer apt ; but you my pastimes did despise :  
I neuer spited you, but thought you ouerwise.  
Now kindnesse proferd is, none kinder is than I,  
And so most ready am this meane of peace to trie ;  
And let him be our iudge; the lad doth please me well.'  
Thus both did come to me, and both began to tell 151  
(For both together spake, each loth to be behinde),  
That they by solemne oath their Deities would binde  
To stand vnto my will : their will they made me know.



I, that was first agast, when first I saw their show, 155  
Now bolder waxt, waxt proude, that I such sway must  
beare ;

For neare acquaintance doth diminish reuerent feare :  
And hauing bound them fast, by Styx, they should obay  
To all that I decreede, did thus my verdict say :  
' How ill both you can rule, well hath your discord  
taught : 160

Ne yet, for ought I see, your beauties merit ought.  
To yonder nymph, therefore (to Mira I did point),  
The crowne aboute you both for euer I appoint.'  
I would haue spoken out, but out they both did crie,  
' Fie, fie, what haue you done ! vngodly rebell, fie ! 165  
But now we needs must yeeld to that our oathes require.'  
' Yet thou shalt not goe free,' quoth Venus ; ' such a fire  
Her beautie kindle shall within thy foolish minde,  
That thou full oft shalt wish thy iudging eyes were  
blinde.' 169

' Nay, then,' Diana said, ' the chastnesse I will giue,  
In ashes of despaire though burnt, shall make thee liue.'  
' Nay, thou,' said both, ' shalt see such beames shine in  
her face,  
That thou shalt neuer dare seeke helpe of wretched  
case.'

And with that cursèd curse away to heauen they fled,

First hauing all their gifts vpon faire Mira spred.  
 The rest I cannot tell ; for therewithall I wak'd,  
 And found with deadly feare that all my sinewes shak'd.  
 Was it a dreame? O dreame, how hast thou wrought  
                   in mee,

That I things erst vnseene should first in dreaming see !  
 And thou, O traytour Sleepe, made for to be our rest,  
 How hast thou framde the paine wherewith I am op-  
                   prest !

181

O coward Cupid, thus dost thou thy honour keepe,  
 Vnarmde, alas, vnwarn'd, to take a man asleepe !

(pp. 260-3.)

XL. *Love-Wrongs.*<sup>2</sup>

THE Fire to see my wrongs for anger burneth,  
       The Ayre in raine for my affliction weepeth,  
 The Sea to ebbe for grieve his flowing turneth,

<sup>2</sup> This, in 1605 edition of *Arcadia*, is given at p. 289 and also at p. 473, being headed there 'To the tune of Non credo giache più in felice amante.' In our text (1613) it appears at p. 289, but not among the Certaine Sonnets; yet is the succeeding piece there 'The Nightingale, &c.' headed 'To the same tune,'—oblivious of the withdrawal of the preceding with its tune as above. So in after-editions.



XLI. *The Epitaph.*

HIS being was in her alone ;  
 And he not being, she was none.  
 They ioy'd one ioy, one grieve they grieu'd ;  
 One loue they lou'd, one life they liu'd.  
 The hand was one, one was the sword  
 That did his death, her, death afford.      execute, perform  
 As all the rest, so now the stone  
 That tombes the two is iustly one.

ARGALVS AND PARTHENIA.<sup>3</sup>      (p. 294).

XLII. *Basilius' Love-despair.*

PHŒBUS, farewell ; a sweeter saint I serue ;  
 The high conceits thy heav'nly wisdomes breed  
 My thoughts forget ; my thoughts, which never swerue  
 From her in whom is sowne thir freedome's seed,  
 And in whose eyes my daily doome I reede.      5

Phœbus, farewell ; a sweeter saint I serue ;  
 Thou art farre off, thy kingdome is aboue ;  
 She heau'n on earth with beauties doth preserue :

<sup>3</sup> This is found blank in early editions.

Thy beames I like, but her clear rayes I loue ;  
 Thy force I feare, her force I still doe proue. 10  
 Phoëbus, yeeld vp thy title in my minde ;  
 She doth possesse, thy image is defac't :  
 But if thy rage some braue reuenge will finde  
 On her, who hath in me thy temple rac't,  
 Employ thy might, that she my fires may taste : 15  
 And how much more her worth surmounteth thee,  
 Make her as much more base by louing me.

(pp. 335-6.)

XLIII. *Zelmae in Love-gloom.*<sup>4</sup>

SINCE that the stormie rage of passions darke,—  
 Of passions darke, made darke by beauties' light,—  
 With rebell force hath clos'de in dungeon darke  
 My minde, ere now led forth by reason's light :—

<sup>4</sup> In this Sonnet each line ends with one of two words, as in Sonnet lxxxix. of *Astrophel and Stella*. Other instances of conceitful tasks are Sonnet 'How is my sun' (xlvi.), where every line rhymes to 'bright': Sonnet 'Doe not disdaine' (li.), where the rhyme of ll. 1, 3, 6, 8 is continued in ll. 9, 12. In liii. 'Yon goodly pines,' where eight lines have one rhyme, six another, and four another, all in nearly alternate rhymes. Perhaps Sonnets lxvi. 'Vertue beauty' is the most remarkable of all.

Since all the things which giue my eyes their light     5  
 Doe foster still the fruites of fancies darke,  
 So that the windowes of my inward light  
 Doe serue to make my inward powers darke :—  
 Since, as I say, both mind and senses darke  
 Are hurt, not helpt, with piercing of the light ;     10  
 While that the light may shew the horrors darke,  
 But cannot make resoluèd darknesse light ;  
 I like this place, where at the least the darke  
 May keepe my thoughts from thought of wonted light.  
(p. 337.)

XLIV. *Gynecia's Lyre-song.*

**H**ARKE, plaintfull ghosts, infernall furies, harke  
 Vnto my woes the hatefull heauens doe send :  
 The heauens conspir'd to make my vitall sparke  
 A wretched wracke, a glasse of Ruine's end.  
 Seeing, alas, so mightie powers bend     5  
 Their irefull shot against so weake a marke :  
 Come, caue, become my graue ; come, death, and lend  
 Receit to mee within thy bosome darke.  
 For what is life to daily-dying minde,  
 Where, drawing breath, I sucke the ayre of woe ;     10  
 Where too much sight makes all the body blinde,

And highest thoughts downward most headlong  
throw?

Thus, then, my forme, and thus my state I find,—  
Death wrapt in flesh to liuing graue assign'd.

(p. 338.)

XLV. *Love-melancholy.*

An Octave by Gynecia.

LIKE those sicke folkes in whom strange humours  
flow,

Can taste no sweets, the sowre onely please ;  
So to my mind, while passions daily grow,  
Whose fierie chaines vpon his freedome seaze,  
Ioyes strangers seeme, I cannot bide their show,       5  
Nor brooke ought else but well-acquainted woe ;  
Bitter griefe tastes me best, paine is my ease ;  
Sicke to the death, still louing my disease.       (p. 338.)

XLVI. *'At least hand-fellow prentises to one  
vngracious master.'*

HOW is my sunne, whose beames are shining bright,  
Become the cause of my darke ougly night !  
Or how doe I, captiu'd in this darke plight,  
Bewaile the case, and in the cause delight !

My mangled minde huge horrors still doe fright,      5  
 With sense possest, and claim'd by reason's right ;  
 Betwixt which two in me I haue this fight,  
 Where, whoso winnes, I put myselfe to flight.  
 Come, clowdie feares, close vp my dazled sight ;  
 Sorrowes, sucke vp the marrow of my might ;      10  
 Due<sup>s</sup> sighes, blow out all sparkes of ioyfull light ;  
 Tyre on, Despaire, vpon my tyrèd sprite.  
 An end, an end my dull'd pen cannot write,  
 Nor maz'd head thinke, nor faltring tongue recite.  
(pp. 338-9.)

XLVII. *Love-darkness.*

THIS caue is darke, but it had neuer light ;  
 This waxe doth waste it selfe, yet painelesse dies ;  
 These words are full of woes, yet feele they none.  
 I darkned am, who once had clearest sight ;  
 I waste my heart, which still new torments tries ;      5  
 I plaine with cause, my woes are all mine owne.  
 No caue, no wasting waxe, no words of griefe,  
 Can hold, shew, tell my paines without reliefe.  
(p. 341.)

<sup>s</sup> = Sighs due to the sorrow, in proportion to.



XLVIII. *Aristomenes' Legacy-treasure.*

**A** BANISHT man, long bard from his desire  
 By inward lets of them his state possest,  
 Hid here his hopes, by which he might aspire  
 To haue his harmes with wisdomes helpe redrest.  
 Seeke then and see, what man esteemeth best ; 5  
 All is but this, this is our labour's hire ;  
 Of this we liue, in this we finde our rest,  
 Who hold this fast no greater wealth require.  
 Looke further, then, so shalt thou finde at least last  
 A bait most fit for hungry-minded guest. 10  
 (pp. 342-3.)

XLIX. *Heart-exchange.*

**M**Y true-loue hath my heart, and I haue his,  
 By iust exchange one for the other giu'ne :  
 I hold his deare, and mine he cannot misse ;  
 There neuer was a bargaine better driu'ne.  
 His heart in me keeps me and <sup>her</sup> ~~him~~ in one ; 5  
 My heart in <sup>her</sup> ~~him~~ his thoughts and senses guides :  
 He loues my heart for once it was his owne ;  
 I cherish his because in me it bides.  
 His heart his wound receiuèd from my sight ;  
 My heart was wounded with his wounded hart ; 10

For as from mee on him his hurt did light,  
 So still me-thought in me his hurt did smart :  
 Both equall hurt, in this change sought our blisse,  
 My true-loue hath my hart, and I haue his. (p. 344.)

L. 'Rural Poesie.'

O WORDS, which fall like sommer-dew on me ;  
 O breath, more sweet than is the growing beane ;  
 O tongue, in which all honyed liquors be ;  
 O voyce, that doth the thrush in shrilnesse staine,—  
     Doe you say still, this is her promise due, 5  
     That she is mine, as I to her am true.

Gay haire, more gay than straw when haruest lies ;  
 Lips, red and plump as cherrie's ruddie side ;  
 Eyes, faire and great, like faire great oxen's eyes ; 9  
 O breast, in which two white sheepe swell in pride,—  
     Ioyne you with me, to seale this promise due,  
     That she be mine, as I to her am true.

[curds]

But thou, white skin, as white as cruddes well prest,  
 So smooth as sleekestone,<sup>6</sup> like it, smoothes each part ;

<sup>6</sup> = A smoothing-stone for smoothing or dressing linen or butter, &c.

And thou, deare flesh, as soft as wooll new drest, 15

And yet as hard as brawne made hard by art,—

First fower but say, next fower their saying seale,

But you must pay the gage of promist weale.

(p. 344.)

END OF VOL. II.

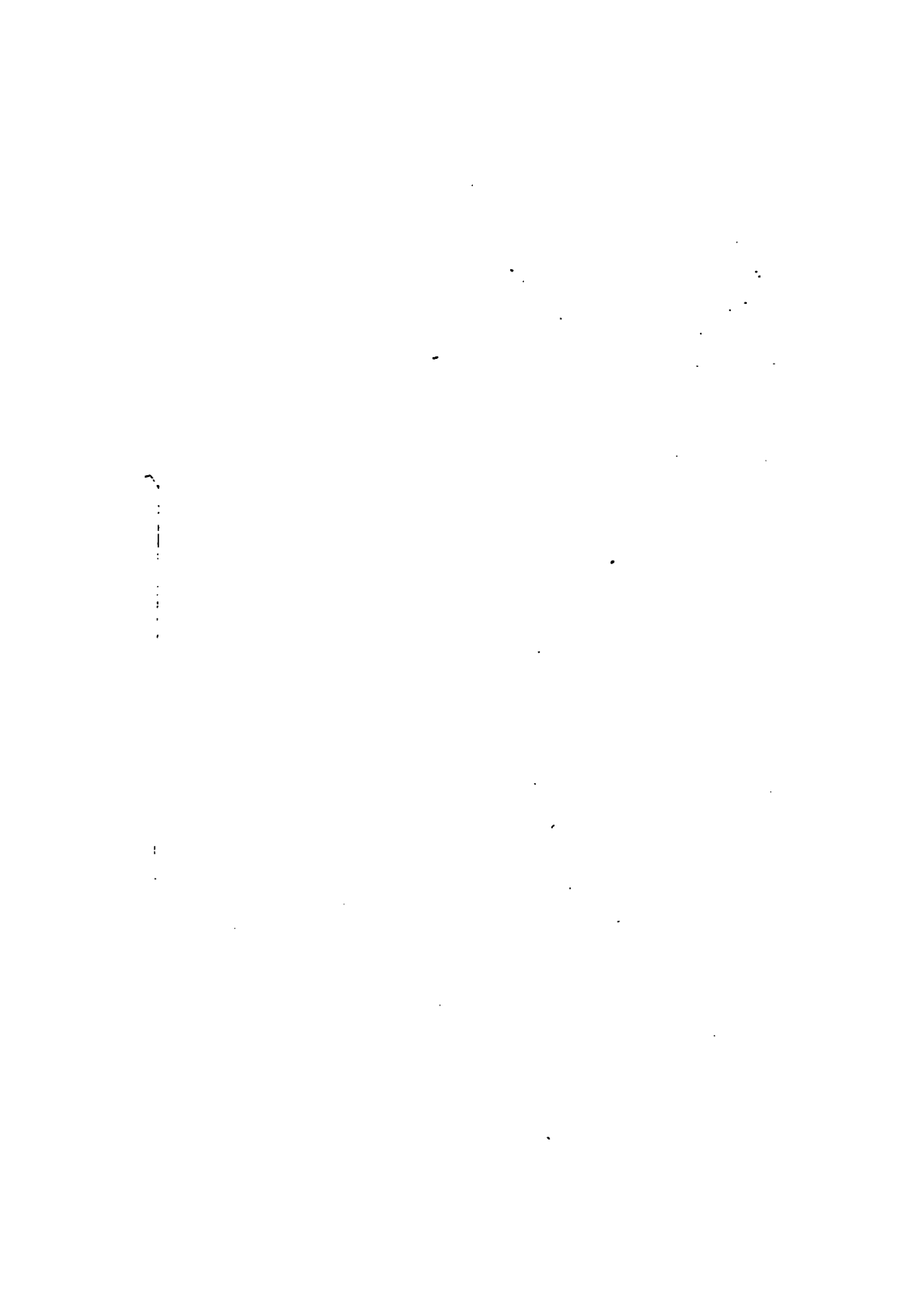
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